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THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

KING HENRY VI. Part II.
KING HENRY VI. Part III.
KING RICHARD III.
KING HENRY VIII.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID & J. BELL, J. BROWN, W. GORDON, C. WRIGHT, and R. FLEMING.

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George. W. Adams

Quincy

1810

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The Second Part of Henry VI.*

With the Death of the Good Duke Humphry.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry VI.
Humphry *Duke of* Glouceſter, } *uncles to*
Card. Beaufort, *Bp of* Wincheſter, } *the King*
Duke of York, *pretending to the crown.*
Duke of Buckingham, } *of the*
Duke of Somerſet, } *King's*
Duke of Suffolk, } *party.*
E. of Saliſbury, } *of the York*
E. of Warwick, } *faction.*
Lord Clifford, *of the King's party.*
Lord Say.
Lord Scales, *Governor of the tower.*
Sir John Stanley.
Sir Humphry Stafford.
Young Stafford, *his brother.*
Alexander Iden, *a Kentiſh Gentleman.*
Young Clifford, *ſon to the Lord Clifford.*
Edward Plantagenet, } *ſons to the*
Richard Plantagenet, } *Duke of York.*
Vaux, *a ſea captain, and* Walter Whitmore—*pirates.*
A Herald.
Hume *and* Southwel, *two prieſts.*
Bolingbroke, *an aſtrologer.*
A Spirit attending on Jordan the witch.
Thomas Horner, *an armourer.*
Peter, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of St Alban's.
Simpcox, *an impoſtor.*
Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick *the butcher,* Smith *the weaver, and ſeveral others, rebels.*
Margaret, *Queen to K. Henry* VI. *ſecretly in love with the Duke of Suffolk.*
Dame Eleanor, *wife to the Duke of Glouceſter.*
Mother Jordan, *a witch employed by the Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.*
Wife to Simcox.
Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle. Sheriff. and officers, Citizens, with Fauiconers, Guards, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

The Scene is laid very diſperſedly in ſeveral parts of England.

* *This and the third part were firſt written under the title of* The contention of York and Lancaſter, *printed in* 1600; *but ſince vaſtly improved by the author.* Mr Pope.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The palace.

Flouriſh of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter King Henry, *Duke* Humphry, Saliſbury, Warwick, *and* Beaufort, *on the one ſide: the Queen,* Suffolk, York, Somerſet, *and* Buckingham, *on the other.*

*Suf.** AS by your high imperial Majeſty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator for your Excellence,
To marry Princeſs Marg'ret for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient city Tours,
In preſence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alanſon,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Biſhops,
I have perform'd my taſk, and was eſpous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In ſight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen.

[*preſenting the Queen to the King.*

To your moſt gracious hand; that are the ſubſtance
Of that great ſhadow I did repreſent;
The happieſt gift that ever Marquis gave,
The faireſt Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk, ariſe. Welcome, Queen Margaret;
I can expreſs no kinder ſign of love,
Than this kind kiſs. O Lord, that lend'ſt me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulneſs!
For thou haſt giv'n me in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoul,
If ſympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious Lord,
The mutual conf'rence that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-lieveſt Sovereign;
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King
With ruder terms; ſuch as my wit affords,

* *Vide Hall's Chronicle, fol. 66. year 23. init.* Mr Pope.

And

And over-joy of heart doth miniſter.

K. Henry. Her ſight did raviſh, but her grace in ſpeech,
Her words y-clad with wiſdom's majeſty,
Make me from wond'ring, fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulneſs of my heart's content.
Lords, with one chearful voice welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen Marg'ret, England's happineſs!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flouriſh.*

Suf. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our Sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by conſent.

Glo [*reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French King, Charles, and William de la Pole Marquis of Suffolk, Ambaſſador for Henry King of England, that the ſaid Henry ſhall eſpouſe the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jeruſalem, and crown her Queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.*

Item, *That the duchy of Anjou, and the county of Maine, ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her father.*

[*Lets fall the paper.*

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord;
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Wincheſter, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, *That the duchies of Anjou and Maine ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her father, and ſhe ſent over of the King of England's own proper coſt and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. Henry. They pleaſe us well. Lord Marquis, kneel
We here create thee the Firſt *Duke of Suffolk*, [you down;
And gird thee with the ſword. Couſin of York,
We here diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I' th' parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Wincheſter,
Glo'ſter, York, Buckingham, and Somerſet,
Saliſbury, and Warwick;
We thank you for all this great favour done,

In entertainment to my princely Queen.
Come, let us in. and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and* Suffolk.

SCENE II. *Manent the reſt.*

Glo. Brave Peers of England, pillars of the ſtate,
To you Duke Humphry muſt unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry ſpend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourſelves, Somerſet, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Saliſbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep ſcars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myſelf,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his Highneſs in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in deſpight of foes?
And ſhall theſe labours and theſe honours die!
Shall Henry's conqueſt, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counſel, die?
O Peers of England, ſhameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This peroration with ſuch circumſtances?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it ſtill.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can:
But now it is impoſſible we ſhould.
Suffolk, the new-made Duke, that rules the roaſt,

Hath

Hath giv'n the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.
Sal Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
War For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both.
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
[*York.* For Suffolk's Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!]
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read, but England's Kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives:
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For cost and charges in transporting her.
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——
Car. My Lord of Glo'ster, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.
Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud prelate; in thy face,
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewel; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd, France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy;
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King,

Consider,

Conſider, Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the Engliſh crown.
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the eaſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it.
Look to it, Lords; let not his ſmoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him *Humphry, the good Duke of Glo'ſter*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
Jeſu maintain your Royal Excellence!
With, *God preſerve the good Duke Humphry!*
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why ſhould he then protect our ſovereign,
He being of age to govern of himſelf?
Couſin of Somerſet, join you with me,
And all together with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoiſt Duke Humphry from his ſeat.

Car. This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk preſently. [*Exit.*

Som. Couſin of Buckingham, though Humphry's pride
And greatneſs of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal.
His inſolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beſide.
If Glo'ſter be diſplac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or Somerſet, or I, will be Protector,
Deſpight Duke Humphry, or the Cardinal.
[*Exe.* Buckingham *and* Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never ſaw, but Humphry Duke of Glo'ſter
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I ſeen the haughty Cardinal
More like a ſoldier than a man o' th' church,
As ſtout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himſelf
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.

Warwick

Warwick my ſon, the comfort of my age!
Thy deads, thy plainneſs, and thy houſe-keeping,
Have won the greateſt favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphry.
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil diſcipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our ſovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
Join we together for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſs
The pride of Suffolk, and the Cardinal,
With Somerſet's and Buckingham's ambition;
And as we may, cheriſh Duke Humphry's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. And ſo ſays York, for he hath greateſt cauſe. [*Aſide.*

Sal. Then let's make haſte, and look unto the main:

[*War.* Unto the main? Oh father, Maine is loſt;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept ſo long as breath did laſt!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or elſe be ſlain.]

[*Exeunt* Warwick *and* Saliſbury.

SCENE III. *Manet* York.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is loſt; the ſtate of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The Peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a Duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
And purchaſe friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the ſilly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapleſs hands,

And

And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloof,
While all is ſhar'd, and all is borne away:
Ready to ſtarve, and dares not touch his own.
So York muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and ſold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both giv'n unto the French!
Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,
Ev'n as I have of fertile England's ſoil.
A day will come when York ſhall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevills' parts,
And make a ſhew of love to proud Duke Humphry,
And, when I ſpy advantage, claim the crown;
For that's the golden mark I ſeek to hit.
Nor ſhall proud Lancaſter uſurp my right,
Nor hold the ſceptre in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whoſe church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be ſtill a while, till time do ſerve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleep,
To pry into the ſecrets of the ſtate;
Till Henry, ſurfeiting in joys of love
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought Queen,
And Humphry with the Peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raiſe aloft the milk-white roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the air ſhall be perfum'd;
And in my ſtandard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the houſe of Lancaſter;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whoſe bookiſh rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[*Exit* York.

SCENE IV. *Changes to the Duke of Glouceſter's houſe.*

Enter Duke Humphry, *and his wife* Eleanor.

Elean. Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd corn
Hanging the head with Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphry knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?

Why

Why are thine eyes fix'd to the ſullen earth,
Gazing at that which ſeems to dim thy ſight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If ſo, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the ſame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What! is't too ſhort? I'll lengthen it with mine.
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abaſe our ſight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, ſweet Nell, if thou doſt love thy Lord,
Baniſh the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Againſt my King and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my laſt breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dreams this night do make me ſad.

Elean. What dream'd my Lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With ſweet rehearſal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this ſtaff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot;
But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
And, on the pieces of the broken wand,
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerſet,
And William de la Pole firſt Duke of Suffolk.
This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a ſtick of Glo'ſter's grove,
Shall loſe his head for his preſumption.
But liſt to me, my Humphry, my ſweet Duke.
Methought I ſat in ſeat of majeſty,
In the cathedral church of Weſtminſter,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did ſet the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then muſt I chide outright.
Preſumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,
Art thou not ſecond woman in the realm,

And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what! my Lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St Alban's,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go: come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

[*Exit.* Glouceſter.

Elean. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow presently.
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Glo'ster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
And being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume, Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty!

Elean. What say'st thou? Majesty? I am but Grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your Grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet con-
With Margery Jordan the cunning witch, [ferr'd
And Roger Bolingbroke the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised to shew your High-
A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground, [ness,
That shall make answer to such questions

As

As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the queſtions.
When from St Alban's we do make return,
We'll ſee thoſe things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cauſe.
[*Exit* Eleanor.

Hume. Hume muſt make merry with the Dutcheſs' gold:
Marry, and ſhall: but how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words, but *mum!*
The buſineſs aſketh ſilent ſecrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch.
Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coaſt:
I dare not ſay from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk.
Yet I do find it ſo: for to be plain,
They (knowing Dame Eleanor's aſpiring humour)
Have hired me to undermine the Ducheſs,
And buzz theſe conjurations in her brain.
They ſay, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk's and the Cardinal's broker;
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, ſo it ſtands; and thus I fear, at laſt,
Hume's knavery will be the Ducheſs' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphry's fall.
Sort how it will, I ſhall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Changes to an apartment in the palace.*

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter *the armourer's man being one.*

1 *Pet.* My maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our ſupplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man; Jeſu bleſs him!

Enter Suffolk, *and Queen.*

1 *Pet.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the Queen with him. I'll be the firſt, ſure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow, would'ſt any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my Lord, pardon me; I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Q. Mar. *To my Lord Protector.* [*reading.*] Are your ſupplications to his Lordſhip? let me ſee them; what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't pleaſe your Grace, againſt John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my houſe and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that's ſome wrong indeed. What's your's? what's here? [*Reads.*] *Againſt the Duke of Suffolk, for incloſing the commons of Long Melford.* How now, Sir Knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole townſhip.

Suf. [*reads*] *Againſt my maſter, Thomas Horner, for ſaying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.*

Q. Mar. What! did the Duke of York ſay, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my maſter was? no, forſooth; my maſter ſaid, that he was; and that the King was an uſurper.

Suf. Who is there?—— Take this fellow in, and ſend for his maſter with a purſuivant, preſently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[*Exit* Peter *guarded.*

Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's Grace,
Begin your ſuits anew, and ſue to him.

[*Tears the ſupplications.*

Away, baſe cullions: Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the faſhion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's iſle?
And this the royalty of Albion's King?

What!

What! ſhall King Henry be a pupil ſtill,
Under the ſurly Glo'ſter's governance?
Am I a Queen in title and in ſtyle,
And muſt be made a ſubject to a Duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'ſt a tilt in honour of my love,
And ſtol'ſt away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought King Henry had reſembled thee
In courage, courtſhip, and proportion.
But all his mind is bent to holineſs,
To number *Ave Maries* on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apoſt'es;
His weapons, holy ſaws of ſacred writ;
His ſtudy is his tilt-yard; and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd ſaints.
I would the college of the Cardinals
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And ſet the triple crown upon his head;
That were a ſtate fit for his holineſs!

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cauſe
Your Highneſs came to England, ſo will I
In England work your Grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beſide the proud Protector, have we Beaufort
Th' imperious churchman; Somerſet, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the leaſt of theſe
But can do more in England than the King.

Suf And he of theſe that can do moſt of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevills;
Saliſb'ry and Warwick are no ſimple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all theſe Lords do vex me half ſo much,
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
She ſweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an Empreſs than Duke Humphry's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the Queen;
She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart ſhe ſcorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous, baſe-born callot, as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her minions t'o her day,
The very train of her worſt-wearing gown

Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter!
Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her rest; and, Madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphry in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy realm.

SCENE VI.

To them enter King Henry, *Duke* Humphry, *Cardinal*, Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, *and the Duchess of* Gloucester.

K. Henry. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be Regent, I will yield to him.
War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better speak.
War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son; and shew some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Q. Mar. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.
Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no woman's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm,
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert King, (as who is King but thou?),
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck.
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* Glo.
Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?
[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman?
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Elean. Against her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.
[*Exit* Eleanor.

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphry, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs;
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [*Exit* Buck.

SCENE VII. *Re-enter Duke* Humphry.

Glo. Now, Lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth-affairs.
As for your spightful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law.

But God in mercy deal ſo with my ſoul,
As I in duty love my King and country!
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I ſay, my ſovereign, York is meeteſt man
To be your Regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To ſhew ſome reaſon of no little force,
That York is moſt unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerſet will keep me here
Without diſcharge, money, or furniture,
'Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Laſt time I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was beſieg'd, famiſh'd, and loſt.

War. That I can witneſs; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf Peace, head-ſtrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why ſhould I hold my peace!

Enter Horner *the armourer, and his man* Peter, *guarded.*

Suf Becauſe here is a man accus'd of treaſon.
Pray God the Duke of York excuſe himſelf!

York. Doth any one accuſe York for a traitor?

K. Henry. What mean'ſt thou, Suffolk? tell me what are theſe?

Suf. Pleaſe it your Majeſty, this is the man
That doth accuſe his maſter of high treaſon.
His words were theſe: That Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the Engliſh crown,
And that your Majeſty was an uſurper.

K. Henry Say, man; were theſe thy words?

Arm. An't ſhall pleaſe your Majeſty, I never ſaid nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſs, I am falſely accus'd by the villain.

Pet. By theſe ten bones, my Lord, he did ſpeak them to me in the garret one night, as we were ſcouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Baſe dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's ſpeech.

do beſeech your Royal Majeſty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I ſpake the words. My accuſer is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witneſs of this; therefore I beſeech your Majeſty, do not caſt away an honeſt man for a villain's accuſation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law!

Glo. This doom, my Lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerſet be Regent o'er the French,
Becauſe in York this breeds ſuſpicion.
And let theſe have a day appointed them
For ſingle combat in convenient place;
For he hath witneſs of his ſervant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphry's doom.

K Henry. Then be it ſo: my Lord of Somerſet,
We make your Grace Regent over the French.

Som. I humbly thank your Royal Majeſty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas! my Lord, I cannot fight; for God's ſake, pity my caſe; the ſpight of man prevaileth againſt me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I ſhall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart! ———

Glo. Sirrah, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to priſon; and the day of combat ſhall be the laſt of the next month. Come, Somerſet, we'll ſee thee ſent away. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The witch's cave.*

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, *and* Bolingbrook

Hume. Come, my maſters; the Ducheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your promiſes.

Boling Maſter Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her Ladyſhip behold and hear our exorciſms?

Hume. Ay, what elſe? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible ſpirit; but it ſhall be convenient, Maſter Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſy below; and ſo

ſo I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* Hume.] Mother Jordan, be proſtrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwel, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor *above*.

Elean. Well ſaid, my maſters, and welcome to all! to this geer. the ſooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good Lady: wizards know their
Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night*, [times,
The time of night when Troy was ſet on fire,
The time when ſcreech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl;
When ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves;
That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, ſit you, and fear not; whom we raiſe,
We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the circle:* Bolingbrook *or* Southwel *reads*, Conjuro te, *&c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the ſpirit riſeth.*

Spirit. Adſum.

M. Jord. Aſmuth, by the eternal God, whoſe name
And power thou trembleſt at, tell what I aſk;
For till thou ſpeak, thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.

Spirit. Aſk what thou wilt.——That I had ſaid, and done!

Boling. Firſt, of the King: what ſhall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives that Henry ſhall depoſe;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit ſpeaks, they write the anſwer.*

Boling. Tell me, what fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

Spirit. By water ſhall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What ſhall befal the Duke of Somerſet?

Spirit. Let him ſhun caſtles.
Safer ſhall he be on the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

* The ſilent of the night, *is a claſſical expreſſion; and means an interlunar night.*

Boling.

Boling. Deſcend to darkneſs, and the burning lake:
ſalſe fiend, avoid! [*Thunder and lightning. Spirit deſcends.*
Enter the Duke of York, *and the Duke of* Buckingham, *with their guard, and break in.*
York. Lay hands upon theſe traitors, and their traſh:
ſeldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.
What, Madam, are you there? the King and realm
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
ee you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.
Elean. Not half ſo bad as thine to England's King,
njurious Duke, that threat'ſt where is no cauſe.
Buck. True, Madam, none at all. What call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapp'd up cloſe,
And kept apart. You, Madam, ſhall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.
We'll ſee your trinkets here forthcoming all.
[*Exeunt Guard with* Jordan, Southwel, *&c.*
[*York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well.
A pretty plot, well choſe to build upon.
Now pray my Lord, let's ſee the devil's writ.
What have we here?
The Duke yet lives that Henry ſhall depoſe;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
Why, this is juſt, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere poſſe.*
Well, to the reſt:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water ſhall he die, and take his end.
What ſhall betide the Duke of Somerſet?
Let him ſhun caſtles.
Safer ſhall he be on the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand. *
Come, come, my Lords;
Theſe oracles are hardly attain'd.
[And hardly underſtood.]

* *This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unneceſſary, after what the ſpectators had heard in the ſcene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the firſt edition of this play.* Mr Pope.

The

The King is now in progreſs tow'rds St Alban's;
With him the huſband of this lovely lady:
Thither go theſe news, as faſt as horſe can carry them;
A ſorry breakfaſt for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace ſhall give me leave, my Lord of [York,
To be the poſt, in hope of his reward;
York. At your pleaſure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Serving man.

Invite my Lords of Saliſbury and Warwick,
To ſup with me to-morrow night. Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

At St Alban's.

Enter King Henry, *Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and* Suffolk, *with Faulconers hallooing.*

Q. Mar. BElieve me, Lords, for flying at the brook,
I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeven years'
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high [day;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
K. Henry But what a point, my Lord, your faulcon [made:
And what a pitch ſhe flew above the reſt:
To ſee how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an' it like your Majeſty,
My Lord Protector's hawk doth tow'r ſo well;
They know, their maſter loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his faulcon's pitch.
Glo. My Lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can ſoar.
Car. I thought as much he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my Lord Card'nal, how think you by that?
Were it not good your Grace cou'd fly to heav'n?
K. Henry. The treaſury of everlaſting joy!
Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treaſure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with King and common-weal!
Glo. What, Card'nal! is your prieſthood grown ſo peremptory?

peremptory? *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.
With such holiness can you not do it?
Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a Peer.
Glo. As who, my Lord?
Suf. Why, as yourself, my Lord;
An't like your lordly Lord Protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Glo'ster.
K. Henry I pray thee, peace, good Queen;
And whet not on these two too furious Peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector, with my sword?
Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that
Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter, [*Aside.*
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: and if thou dar'st,
This ev'ning on the east side of the grove.
K. Henry How now, my Lords?
Car. Believe me, cousin Glo'ster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport——Come with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to* Gloucester.
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd?—The east side of the grove?
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*
K Henry. Why, how now, uncle Glo'ster?
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my Lord.—
Now, by God's mother, Priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*
Car. [*Aside.*] *Medice, teipsum.*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. The winds grow high, ſo do your ſtomachs,
How irkſome is this muſic to my heart! [Lords.
When ſuch ſtrings jar, what hopes of harmony?
I pray, my Lords, let me compound this ſtrife.

SCENE II. *Enter One, crying,* A miracle!

Glo. What means this noiſe?
Fellow, what miracle doſt thou proclaim?

One. A miracle, a miracle!

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

One Forſooth, a blind man at St Alban's ſhrine,
Within this half-hour hath receiv'd his ſight;
A man that ne'er ſaw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now God be prais'd, that to believing ſouls
Gives light in darkneſs, comfort in deſpair!

Enter the Mayor of St Alban's, and his brethren, bearing Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife following.

Car. Here come the townſmen on proceſſion,
Before your Highneſs to preſent the man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his ſight his ſin be multiply'd.

Glo Stand by, my maſters, bring him near the King,
His Highneſs' pleaſure is to talk with him.

K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumſtance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, haſt thou been long blind, and now reſtor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't pleaſe your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your Worſhip.

Glo. Had'ſt thou been his mother, thou couldſt have better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.

K. Henry. Poor ſoul! God's goodneſs hath been great to thee:
Let never day or night unhallowed paſs,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'ſt thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy ſhrine?

Simp.

Simp. God knows of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and ott'ner, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said, Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, Master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, Master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve:
Let's see thine eyes; wink now, now open them:
In my opinion, yet, thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, Master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? what colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, Master, red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why then thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet I think jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, Master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, Maſter.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, an' if it pleaſe you, Maſter.

Glo. Saunder, ſit there, the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom.

If thou hadſt been born blind,
Thou might'ſt as well know all our names, as thus
To name the ſeveral colours we do wear.
Sight may diſtinguiſh colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.
My Lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle:
Would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O Maſter, that you could!

Glo. My maſters of Saint Alban's,
Have you not beadles in your town,
And things call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.

Glo. Then ſend for one preſently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither ſtraight.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Glo. Now fetch me a ſtool hither. Now, ſirrah, if you mean to ſave yourſelf from whipping, leap me over this ſtool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone: you go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glo. Well, Sir, we muſt have you find your legs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over that ſame ſtool.

Bead. I will, my Lord. Come on, ſirrah, off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, Maſter, what ſhall I do? I am not able to ſtand.

[*After the beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the ſtool, and runs away; and they follow, and cry,* A miracle!

K. Henry. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and bear'ſt ſo long!

Queen. It made me laugh to ſee the villain run.

Glo.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.
Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.
[*Exit Beadle with the woman.*
Car. Duke Humphry has done a miracle to day.
Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.
Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my Lord, whole towns to fly.

SCENE III. *Enter* Buckingham.

K. Henry. What tidings with our couſin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,
(The ringleader and head of all this rout),
Have practis'd dang'rouſly againſt your ſtate;
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raiſing up wicked ſpirits from under ground;
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your Highneſs' privy council,
As more at large your Grace ſhall underſtand.
Car. And ſo, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming, yet at London.
This news I think hath turn'd your weapon's edge.
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aſide to* Glouceſter.
Glo. Ambitious churchman! leave t' afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquiſh'd all my powers;
And vanquiſh'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meaneſt groom.
K. Henry. O God, what miſchiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confuſion on their own heads thereby!
Queen. Glo'ſter, ſee here the tainture of thy neſt,
And look thyſelf be faultleſs, thou wert beſt.
Glo. Madam, for myſelf, to Heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King and common-weal:
And for my wife, I know not how it ſtands.
Sorry am I to hear what I have heard?

Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile Nobility;
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a pray to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Glo'ster's honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night we will repose us here;
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in Justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the Duke of York's palace.*

Enter York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevills are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my Lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmond Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock Duke of Glo'ster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince dy'd before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd King;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of *Henry the Fourth*,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful King;
Sent his poor Queen to France from whence she came,

And

And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmleſs King Richard trait'rouſly was murther'd.
War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth.
Thus got the houſe of Lancaſter the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard the firſt ſon's heir being dead,
The iſſue of the next ſon ſhould have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.
York. The third ſon, Duke of Clarence, from whoſe [line
I claim the crown, had iſſue Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March.
Edmond had iſſue; Roger Earl of March:
Roger had iſſue; Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been King;
Who kept him in captivity till he dy'd.
But to the reſt———
York. His eldeſt ſiſter, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge,
Who was the ſon to Edmond Langley,
Edward the Third's fifth ſon.———
By her I claim the kingdom; ſhe was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the ſon
Of Edmond Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence.
So, if the iſſue of the elder ſon
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth ſon; York here claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's iſſue fail, his ſhould not reign;
It fails not yet, but flouriſheth in thee,
And in thy ſons, fair ſlips of ſuch a ſtock.
Then, father Saliſbury, kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightful Sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our Sov'reign Richard, England's King!

York. We thank you, Lords: but I am not your King
Till I be crown'd; and that my ſword be ſtain'd
With heart-blood of the houſe of Lancaſter:
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and ſilent ſecrecy.
Do you, as I do, in theſe dang'rous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's inſolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerſet's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them;
Till they have ſnar'd the ſhepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphry:
'Tis that they ſeek, and they in ſeeking that
Shall ſeek their deaths, if York can propheſy.

Sal. My Lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

War. My heart aſſures me, that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a King.

York. And, Nevil, this I do aſſure myſelf:
Richard ſhall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greateſt man in England, but the King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to a houſe near to Smithfield. Sound trumpets. Enter King* Henry, *Queen, and Nobles; the Ducheſs, Mother* Jordan, Southwel, Hume, *and* Bolingbrook, *under guard.*

K. Henry. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Glo'ſter's wife.
In ſight of God and us your guilt is great;
Receive the ſentence of the law for ſins,
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
You four from hence to priſon, back again;
From thence unto the place of execution;
The witch in Smithfield ſhall be burnt to aſhes,
And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the gallows.
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Deſpoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here, in baniſhment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the iſle of Man.

Elean.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.
Glo. The law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee, Eleanor;
I cannot justify whom law condemns.
[*Exeunt* Eleanor, *and the others, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphry! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.
K. Henry. Stay, Humphry, Duke of Glo'ster, ere thou go,
Give up thy Staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphry, no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.
Q. Mar. I see no reason why a King of years
Should be to be protected like a child:
God and King Henry govern England's realm:
Give up your staff, Sir, and the King, his realm.
Glo. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewel, good King; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.
[*Exit* Glouceſter.
Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry King, and Marg'ret Queen.
And Humphry Duke of Glo'ster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His Lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off:
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.
Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her younger days.
York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man to enter the lists;

So

So pleaſe your Highneſs to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my Lord; for purpoſely therefore
Left I the court, to ſee this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. A' God's name, ſee the liſts and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God guard the right!

York. I never ſaw a fellow worſe beſtead,
Or more afraid to fight than is th' appellant!
The ſervant of the armourer, my Lords.

SCENE VI.

*Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his ſtaff, with a ſand-bag faſtened to it *; and at the other door his man, with a drum and ſand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of ſack; and fear not, neighbour, you ſhall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter.

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy maſter; fight for the credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my laſt draught in this world. Here, Robin, if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou ſhalt have my hammer; and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord, bleſs me I pray God; for I am never able to deal with my maſter, he hath learn'd ſo much to fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.

* *As, according to the old laws of duels, Knights were to fight with the lance and ſword; ſo thoſe of inferior rank fought with an* ebon *ſtaff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fix'd a bag cramm'd hard with ſand.*

Sirrah,

irrah, what's thy name?

Peter. *Peter*, forſooth.

Sal. Peter? what more?

Peter. *Thump.*

Sal. Thump? then ſee thou thump thy maſter well.

Arm. Maſters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's inſtigation, to prove him a knave, and myſelf an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Aſcapart.

York. Diſpatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets; alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and* Peter *ſtrikes him down.*

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold; I confeſs, I confeſs treaſon. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon: fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy maſter's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this preſence? O Peter, thou haſt prevail'd in right.

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our ſight,
For by his death * we do perceive his guilt.
And God in juſtice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he hath thought to murder wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The ſtreet.*

Enter Duke Humphry *and his men, in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus ſometimes hath the brightſt day a cloud;
And, after ſummer, evermore ſucceeds
The barren winter with his nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as ſeaſons fleet.
Sirs, what's a clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my puniſh'd Ducheſs:

* death, *for* defeat. *Becauſe by the laws of duels, he that was defeated, was executed in conſequence of it.*

Unneath

Unneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame.
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph thro' the streets.
But soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, *a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives, let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Glo'ster hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah! Glo'ster, teach me to forget myself:
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along.
Mail'd up in shame with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans,
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah! Humphry, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No: dark shall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphry's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a prince he was,
That he ſtood by, whilſt I, his forlorn Ducheſs,
Was made a wonder and a pointing ſtock
To every idle, raſcal follower.
But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my ſhame,
Nor ſtir at nothing, till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as, ſure, it ſhortly will.
For Suffolk (he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all),
And York, and impious Beaufort, that falſe prieſt,
Have all lim'd buſhes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou, how thou can'ſt, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou until thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor never ſeek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimeſt all awry.
I muſt offend before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs.
Wouldſt have me reſcue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy ſcandal were not wip'd away;
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greateſt help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, ſort thy heart to patience;
Theſe few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Majeſty's parliament holden at Bury, the firſt of this next month.

Glo And my conſent ne'er aſk'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave; and, Maſter Sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commiſſion.

Sher. An't pleaſe your Grace here my commiſſion
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now, [ſtays:
To take her with him to the Iſle of Man.

Glo. Muſt you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace.

Glo.

Glo. Intreat her not the worſe in that I pray
You uſe her well; the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if
You do it her: and ſo, Sir John, farewel.
Elean. What gone, my Lord, and bid me not farewel
Glo. Witneſs my tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.
[*Exit* Glouceſter.
Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me; my joy is death;
Death, at whoſe name I oft have been afraid,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, Madam that is to the Iſle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your ſtate.
Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And ſhall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. No; like a Ducheſs, and Duke Humphry's lady,
According to that ſtate you ſhall be us'd.
Elean Sheriff, farewel, and better than I fare;
Although thou haſt been conduct of my ſhame.
Sher. It is my office; Madam, pardon me.
Elean. Ay, ay, farewel, thy office is diſcharg'd.
Come, Stanley ſhall we go?
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this ſheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Elean My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my ſheet:
No, it will hang upon my richeſt robes,
And ſhew itſelf, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to ſee my priſon. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

At Bury.

Enter King Henry, *Queen, Cardinal,* Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Saliſbury, *and* Warwick, *to the parliament.*

K. Henry. I Muſe my Lord of Glo'ſter is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
Whate'er

Whate'er occaſion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not ſee? or will you not obſerve
The ſtrangeneſs of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majeſty he bears himſelf,
How inſolent of late he is become,
How peremptory and unlike himſelf!
We know the time ſince he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee;
That all the court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the morn,
When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and ſhews an angry eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiff unbowed knee,
Diſdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars,
And Humphry is no little man in England.
Firſt note, that he is near you in deſcent;
And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no policy,
Reſpecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your deceaſe),
That he ſhould come about your royal perſon,
Or be admitted to your Highneſs' council.
By flatt'ry hath he won the commons' hearts:
And when he'll pleaſe to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the ſpring, and weeds are ſhallow rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of huſbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my Lord,
Made me collect theſe dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear:
Which fear, if better reaſons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay, I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or elſe conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highneſs ſeen into this Duke.

And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Grace's tale.
The Duchess, by his subordination,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King he was successive heir.
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain sick Duchess,
By wicked means to frame our Sov'reign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my Sovereign; Glo'ster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown.
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphry.

K. Henry. My Lords, at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise. But shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Glo'ster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfal.

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dang'rous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd;
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him;
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?

Take

Take heed, my Lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign!

K. Henry. Welcome, Lord Somerset; what news from France?

Som. That all your int'rest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Henry. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Gloucester.

Glo. All happiness unto my Lord the King!
Pardon, my Liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Glo'ster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest.
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my Sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took bribes of France;
And, being Protector, staid the soldiers' pay:
By means whereof his Highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!

No; many a pound of my own proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I diſburſed to the garriſons,
And never aſk'd for reſtitution.

Car. It ſerves you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.

Glou. I ſay no more than truth; ſo help me God!

York. In your protectorſhip you did deviſe
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'Tis well known, that, whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I ſhould melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ranſom for their fault.
Unleſs it were a bloody murtherer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor paſſengers,
I never gave them condign puniſhment.
Murther, indeed, that bloody ſin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what treſpaſs elſe.

Suf. My Lord, theſe faults are eaſy, quickly anſwer'd;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge yourſelf.
I do arreſt you in his Highneſs' name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Henry. My Lord of Glo'ſter, 'tis my ſpecial hope,
That you will clear yourſelf from all ſuſpicion;
My conſcience tells me you are innocent.

Glou. Ah, gracious Lord theſe days are dangerous.
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And Charity chas'd hence by Rancour's hand.
Foul Subornation is predominant,
And Equity exil'd your Highneſs' land.
I know their complot is to have my life:
And, if my death might make this iſland happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingneſs.
But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's

Beaufort's red ſparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his ſtormed hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York that reaches at the moon,
Whoſe over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By falſe accuſe doth level at my life.
And you, my Sovereign Lady, with the reſt,
Cauſeleſs have laid diſgraces on my head,
And with your beſt endeavour have ſtirr'd up
My liefeſt Liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
(Myſelf had notice of your conventicles),
And all to make away my guiltleſs life.
I ſhall not want falſe witneſs to condemn me,
Nor ſtore of treaſons to augment my guilt:
The ancient proverb will be well effected,
A ſtaff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
If thoſe that care to keep your royal perſon
From treaſon's ſecret knife and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our Sovereign Lady here
With ignominious words, though clarkly couch'd?
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear
Falſe allegations, to o'erthrow his ſtate.

Q. Mar. But I can give the loſer leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer ſpoke than meant; I loſe, indeed;
Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe;
And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeak.

Buck. He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your priſoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the ſhepherd beaten from thy ſide,
And wolves are gnarling who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah, that my fear were falſe! ah that it were!

For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear. [*Exit guarded*

SCENE III.

K. Henry. My Lords, what to your wisdom seemeth
Do or undo, as if ourself were here. [best,

Q. Mar. What will your Highness leave the parliament?

K. Henry. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes;
My body round ingirt with misery:
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphry! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet good Humphry, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great Lords, and Margaret our Queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life,
That never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong?
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strives,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling loss;
Even so myself bewail good Glo'ster's case
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say, Who's a traitor? Glo'ster he is none. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Free Lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: Glo'ster's shew
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers:
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowry bank,
With shining chequer'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,

(And

And yet herein I judge my own wit good),
This Glo'ſter ſhould be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.
Car. That he ſhould die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by courſe of law.
Suf. But, in my mind, this were no policy:
The King will labour ſtill to ſave his life,
The commons haply riſe to ſave his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than miſtruſt, that ſhows him worthy death.
York. So that by this, you would not have him die.
Suf. Ah, York, no man alive ſo fain as I.
York. 'Tis York that hath more reaſon for his death.
But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and ſpeak it from your ſouls:
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were ſet
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphry for the King's Protector?
Q. Mar. So the poor chicken ſhould be ſure of death.
Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madneſs then
To make the fox ſurveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted over,
Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be ſtain'd with crimſon blood,
As Humphry's prov'd by reaſons to my Liege;
And do not ſtand on quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by gins, by ſnares, by ſubtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.
Q. Mar. Thrice Noble Suffolk, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.
Suf. Not reſolute, except ſo much were done;
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldom meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerve my Sovereign from his foe,

Say

Say but the word, and I will be his prieſt.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk
Ere you can take due orders for a prieſt;
Say you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender ſo the ſafety of my Liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And ſo ſay I.

York. And I: And now we three have ſpoke it,
It ſkills not greatly who impugns our doom.

SCENE IV. *Enter a Poſt.*

Poſt. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To ſignify that rebels there are up,
And put the Engliſhmen unto the ſword:
Send Succours, Lords, and ſtop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient ſtop!
What counſel give you in this weighty cauſe?

York. That Somerſet be ſent a Regent thither;
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witneſs the fortune he hath had in France———

Som. If York, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
Had been the Regent there inſtead of me,
He never wou'd have ſtaid in France ſo long.

York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done:
I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſcar charact'er'd on thy ſkin:
Mens' fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole do ſeldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fewel be brought to feed it with.
No more, good York; ſweet Somerſet, be ſtill.
Thy fortune, York, hadſt thou been Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.

York. What, worſe than nought? nay, then a ſhame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wiſheſt ſhame!

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is:

Th'

Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Engliſhmen.
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely from each county ſome,
And try your hap againſt the Iriſhmen?
York. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Majeſty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his conſent;
And what we do eſtabliſh, he confirms;
Then, Noble York, take thou this taſk in hand.
York. I am content: provide me ſoldiers, Lords,
Whilſt I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will ſee perform'd:
But now return we to the falſe Duke Humphry.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble us no more:
And ſo break off: the day is almoſt ſpent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I muſt talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Briſtol I expect my ſoldiers;
For there I'll ſhip them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll ſee it truly done, my Lord of York. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Manet* York.

York. Now, York, or never, ſteel thy fearful thoughts,
And change miſdoubt to reſolution:
Be that thou hop'ſt to be, or what thou art
Reſign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd Fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faſter than ſpring-time ſhow'rs, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more buſy than the lab'ring ſpider,
Weaves tedious ſnares to trap mine enemies.
Well, Nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,
To ſend me packing with an hoſt of men:
I fear me you but warm the ſtarved ſnake,
Who, cheriſh'd in your breaſt, will ſting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whilſt I in Ireland nouriſh a mighty band,

I will ſtir up in England ſome black ſtorm
Shall blow ten thouſand ſouls to heav'n or hell.
And this fell tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Untill the golden circuit on my head,
(Like to the glorious ſun's tranſparent beams),
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw,
And, for a miniſter of my intent,
I have ſeduc'd a headſtrong Kentiſh man,
John Cade of Aſhford,
To make commotion as full well he can,
Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
In Ireland have I ſeen this ſtubborn Cade
Oppoſe himſelf againſt a troop of kerns;
And fought ſo long till that his thighs with darts
Were almoſt like a ſharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being reſcu'd, I have ſeen
Him caper upright like a wild Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells,
Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he converſed with the enemy;
And undiſcover'd come to me again,
And giv'n me notice of their villanies.
This devil here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
For that John Mortimer, which is now dead,
In face, in gate in ſpeech he doth reſemble.
By this I ſhall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the houſe and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortur'd;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him ſay, I mov'd him to thoſe arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will;
Why, then, from Ireland come I with my ſtrength,
And reap the harveſt which that raſcal ſow'd:
For Humphry being dead, as he ſhall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *An apartment in the palace.*

Enter two or three running over the ſtage from the murther of Duke Humphry.

1. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have diſpatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh

2. Oh that it were to do! what have we done!
Didſt ever hear a man ſo penitent!

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suf. Now, Sirs, have you diſpatch'd this thing?

1. Ay, my good Lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well ſaid. Go, get you to my houſe;
I will reward you for this vent'rous deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.——
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1. Yes, my good Lord.

Suf. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt Murtherers.*

Enter King Henry, *the Queen, Cardinal,* Somerſet, *with Attendants.*

K. Henry. Go, call our uncle to our preſence ſtrait:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſhed.

Suf. I'll call him preſently, my Noble Lord. [*Exit.*

K Henry. Lords, take your places: and I pray you all,
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our uncle Glo'ſter,
Than from true evidence of good eſteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice ſhould prevail,
That faultleſs may condemn a Nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of ſuſpicion!

K. Henry. I thank thee. Well, theſe words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord; Glo'ſter is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forfend!

Car. God's ſecret judgment: I did dream to-night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not ſpeak a word.

[*King ſwoons.*

Q Mar. How fares my Lord? help, Lords, the King is dead

Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the noſe.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! oh, Henry, ope thine eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again; Madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heav'nly God!

Q Mar. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suf. Comfort, my Sovereign; gracious Henry, comfort.

K Henry. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a raven's note,
Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my vital pow'rs;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt-conceived ſound?
Hide not thy poiſon with ſuch ſugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I ſay;
Their touch affrights me as a ſerpent's ſting.
Thou baleful meſſenger, out of my ſight!
Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majeſty to fright the world
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding!
Yet do not go away; come, baſiliſk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight:
For in the ſhade of death I ſhall find joy;
In life but double death, now Glo'ſter's dead.

Q Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, moſt Chriſtian-like, laments his death.
And for myſelf, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood conſuming ſighs, recal his life;
I would be blind with weeping, ſick with groans,
Look pale as primroſe with blood-drinking ſighs,
And all to have the Noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away;
So ſhall my name with Slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ah, me unhappy!
To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for Glo'ſter, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, doſt thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no lothſome leper; look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in Glo'ſter's tomb?
Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his ſtatue, and do worſhip to it,
And make my image but an ale-houſe ſign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the ſea,
And twice by adverſe winds from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this? but well forewarning winds
Did ſeem to ſay, Seek not a ſcorpion's neſt,
Nor ſet no footing on this unkind ſhore.
What did I then but curſe the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's bleſſed ſhore,
Or turn our ſtern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hateful office unto thee.
[The pretty vaulting ſea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing that thou wouldſt have me drown'd on ſhore
With tears as ſalt as ſea through thy unkindneſs.]
The ſplitting rocks cow'r'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides;
Becauſe thy flinty heart more hard than they,
Might in thy palace periſh Margaret
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy ſhore the tempeſt beat us back,
I ſtood upon the hatches in the ſtorm;
And when the duſky ſky began to rob
My earneſt-gaping ſight of thy land's view,
I took a coſtly jewel from my neck,
A heart it was bound in with diamonds),
And threw it tow'rds thy land; the ſea receiv'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my heart.
And ev'n with this I loſt fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;

And call'd them blind and duſky ſpectacles,
For loſing ken of Albion's wiſhed coaſt.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconſtancy)
To ſit and witch me, as Aſcanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? art thou not falſe like him?
Ah me, I can no more: die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou doſt live ſo long.
Noiſe within. Enter Warwick, Saliſbury, *and many Commons.*

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
That good Duke Humphry traiterouſly is murther'd
By Suffolk, and the Cardinal Beaufort's means:
The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, ſcatter up and down,
And care not who they ſting in their revenge.
Myſelf have calm'd their ſpleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true:
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathleſs corpſe,
And comment then upon his ſudden death.

War. That I ſhall do, my Liege: ſtay, Saliſbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[Warwick *goes in.*

K. Henry. O thou that judgeſt all things, ſtay my thoughts;
My thoughts that labour to perſuade my ſoul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphry's life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me, God!
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of ſalt tears;
To tell my love upon his dumb, deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are theſe mean obſequies.

[*Bed with* Glouceſter's *body put forth.*

And

And to ſurvey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?
War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.
K. Henry. That is to ſee how deep my grave is made:
For with his ſoul fled all my worldly ſolace;
For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.
War As ſurely as my ſoul intends to live
With that dread King that took our ſtate upon him,
To free us from his Father's wrathful curſe,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, ſworn with a ſolemn tongue!
What inſtance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See how the blood is ſettled in his face.
Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meagre, pale, and bloodleſs,
Being all deſcended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aidance 'gainſt the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To bluſh and beautify the cheek again.
But ſee, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd;
Staring full ghaſtly, like a ſtrangled man;
His hair up-rear'd, his noſtrils ſtretch'd with ſtruggling;
His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by ſtrength ſubdu'd.
Look on the ſheets: his hair, you ſee, is ſticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the ſummer's corn by tempeſt lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murther'd here:
The leaſt of all theſe ſigns were probable.
Suff. Why, Warwick, who ſhould do the Duke to death?
Myſelf and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murtherers.
War. But both of you had vow'd Duke Humphry's death,
And you forſooth, had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feaſt him like a friend,

And 'tis well ſeen he found an enemy.
Q. Mar. Then you, belike, ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke Humphry's timeleſs death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt by a butcher with an ax,
But will ſuſpect 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's neſt,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite ſoar with unbloodied beak?
Even ſo ſuſpicious is this tragedy.
Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a *kite?* where are his talons?
Suff. I wear no knife to ſlaughter ſleeping men;
But here's a vengeful ſword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his ranc'rous heart,
That ſlanders me with murther's crimſon badge.
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphry's death.
War. What dares not Warwick, if falſe Suffolk dare him?
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious ſpirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thouſand times.
War. Madam, be ſtill; with rev'rence may I ſay;
For ev'ry word you ſpeak in his behalf
Is ſlander to your Royal dignity.
Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord ſo much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some ſtern untutor'd churl; and noble ſtock
Was graft with crab-tree ſlip, whoſe fruit thou art;
And never of the Nevill's noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhou'd rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my Sovereign's preſence makes me mild,
I would, falſe murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay it was thy mother that thou meant'ſt; —

That

That thou thyſelf waſt born in baſtardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and ſend thy ſoul to hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men!

Suff. Thou ſhalt be waking. while I ſhed thy blood
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt go with me.

War. Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do ſome ſervice to Duke Humphry's ghoſt.

[*Exeunt* Suffolk, *and* Warwick.

SCENE VII.

K. Henry. What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel juſt;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in ſteel)
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.

[*A noiſe within.*

Q. Mar. What noiſe is this?

Enter Suffolk, *and* Warwick, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Henry. Why, how now, Lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our preſence! dare you be ſo bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suff. The trait'rous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. Sirs, ſtand apart; the King ſhall know your mind.
Dread Lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Unleſs Lord Suffolk ſtrait be put to death,
Or baniſhed fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke Humphry died;
They ſay, in him they fear your Highneſs' death;
And mere inſtinct of love and loyalty
(Free from a ſtubborn oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt royal perſon,

That if your Highneſs ſhould intend to ſleep,
And charge that no man ſhould diſturb your reſt,
In pain of your diſlike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait edict,
Were there a ſerpent ſeen with forked tongue,
That ſlily glided tow'rds your Majeſty,
It were but neceſſary you were wak'd,
Leſt, being ſuffer'd in that harmful ſlumber,
The mortal worm might make the ſleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe'r you will or no,
From which fell ſerpents as falſe Suffolk is;
With whoſe invenomed and fatal ſting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They ſay, is ſhamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An anſwer from the King, my Lord of Saliſbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpoliſh'd hinds,
Could ſend ſuch meſſage to their Sovereign!
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To ſhew how quaint an orator you are.
But all the honour Saliſbury hath won,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambaſſador
Sent from a ſort of tinkers to the King.

Within. An anſwer from the King, or we will all break in.

K. Henry. Go, Saliſbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they do intreat;
For, ſure, my thoughts do hourly propheſy
Miſchance unto my ſtate by Suffolk's means.
And therefore by his Majeſty I ſwear,
Whoſe far unworthy deputy I am,
He ſhall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I ſay: if thou doſt plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increaſe unto my wrath.
Had I but ſaid, I would have kept my word;

But

But when I swear it is irrevocable;
If after three days space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick; come, good Warwick; go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt King* Henry, Warwick, *&c.*

SCENE VIII. *Manent Queen and* Suffolk.

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be play-fellows to keep you company!
There's two of you, the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suff. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suff. A plague upon them! Wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her lothsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract:
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!
Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizard's stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell ——

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,

And

And turn the force of them upon thyſelf.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a winter's night,
Though ſtanding naked on a mountain-top,
Where biting cold would never let graſs grow,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me intreat thee ceaſe; give me thy [hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To waſh away my woful monuments.
Oh, could this kiſs be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'ſt think on theſe lips by the ſeal,
Through whom a thouſand ſighs are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but ſurmis'd, whilſt thou art ſtanding by,
As one that ſurfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well aſſur'd,
Adventure to be baniſhed myſelf:
And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
Go, ſpeak not to me; even now be gone———
Oh, go not yet——Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiſs, and take ten thouſand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewel, and farewel life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee!
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderneſs is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heav'nly company.
For where thou art, there is the world itſelf;
With ev'ry ſev'ral pleaſure in the world:
And where thou art not, deſolation.
I can no more.——Live thou to joy thy life;
Myſelf no joy in aught but that thou liv'ſt.

SCENE IX. *Enter* Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux ſo faſt? what news, I [pr'ythee?

Vaux. To ſignify unto his Majeſty.
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For ſuddenly a grievous ſickneſs took him,

That

That makes him gaſp, and ſtare, and catch the air,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphry's ghoſt
Were by his ſide; ſometimes he calls the King,
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his overcharged ſoul:
And I am ſent to tell his Majeſty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy meſſage to the King.
[*Exit* Vaux.

Ay me! what is this world? what news are theſe?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loſs,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my ſoul's treaſure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the ſouthern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increaſe, mine for my ſorrows.
Now, get thee hence; the King, thou know'ſt, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy ſight to die, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my ſoul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to cloſe up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to ſtop my mouth:
So ſhouldſt thou either turn my flying ſoul,
Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body;
And then it liv'd in ſweet Elyſium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jeſt;
From thee to die were torture more than death.
Oh! let me ſtay, befal what may befal.

Q. Mar. Away; though parting be a fretful corroſive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France ſweet Suffolk; let me hear from thee:
For whereſoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that ſhall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'ſt caſket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a ſplitted bark, ſo ſunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE X. *The Cardinal's bedchamber.*

Enter King Henry, Saliſbury, *and* Warwick, *to the Cardinal in bed.*

K. Henry. How fares my Lord? ſpeak, Beaufort, to thy Sovereign.

Car. If thou be'ſt Death, I'll give thee England's treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy Sovereign ſpeaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where ſhould he die?
Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?
Oh, torture me no more, I will confeſs——
Alive again? then ſhew me where he is:
I'll give a thouſand pound to look upon him——
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them:
Comb down his hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,
Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul.
Give me ſome drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
Oh, beat away the buſy, meddling fiend,
That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,
And from his boſom purge this black deſpair.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his ſoul, if God's good pleaſure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'ſt on heaven's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no ſign! O God, forgive him.

War. So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.

Cloſe

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Whitmore, *and other pirates, with* Suffolk, *and other prisoners.*

Capt. THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day,
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead mens' graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize:
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore,
Master, this prisoner, freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this:
The other, Walter Whitemore, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, Master, let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes your's.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats, for die you shall:
Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die; [*To* Suffolk.
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Capt. Be not so rash, take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.——

Whit. And so am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore.*

How

How now? why ſtart'ſt thou? what, doth death affright
Suff. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I ſhould die.
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not.
Ne'er yet did baſe diſhonour blur our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I ſell revenge,
Broke be my ſword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
Suff. Stay, Whitmore; for thy priſoner is a prince;
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Wit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but theſe rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove ſometimes went diſguis'd, and why not I?
Capt. But Jove was never ſlain, as thou ſhalt be.
Suf. Obſcure and lowly ſwain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaſter,
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded groom.
Haſt thou not kiſs'd thy hand, and held my ſtirrup?
Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhook my head?
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feaſted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee creſt-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore ſhall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, Captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn ſwain?
Capt. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Baſe ſlave, thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.
Capt. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's ſide
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'ſt not for thy own.
Capt. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord?

Ay,

Ay, kennel—puddle—ſink, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſilver ſpring where England drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing up the treaſure of the realm;
Thy lips, that kiſs'd the Queen, ſhall ſweep the ground;
And thou that ſmil'dſt at good Duke Humphry's death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſs winds ſhall grin in vain,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſs at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affie a mighty Lord
Unto the daughter of a worthleſs King,
Having nor ſubject, wealth, nor diadem!
By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
With goblets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Main were ſold to France;
The falſe revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Diſdain to call us Lord; and Picardy
Hath ſlain their governors, ſurpris'd our forts,
And ſent the ragged ſoldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevills all,
(Whoſe dreadful ſwords were never drawn in vain),
As hating thee, are riſing up in Arms.
And now the houſe of York (thruſt from the crown
By ſhameful murther of a guiltleſs King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny)
Burns with revenging fire; whoſe hopeful colours
Advance a half-fac'd ſun ſtriving to ſhine;
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our King,
And all by thee. Away, ! convey him hence.——

Suf. O, that I were a God, to ſhoot forth thunder
Upon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject drudges!
Small things make baſe men proud. This villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more,
Than Bargulus * the ſtrong Illyrian pirate.

* *Cic. de offic. lib. 2. cap. 11.*

Drones ſuck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impoſſible that I ſhould die
By ſuch a lowly vaſſal as thyſelf.
Thy words move rage, and not remorſe in me:
I go of meſſage from the Queen to France;
I charge thee waft me ſafely croſs the channel.

Capt. Walter———

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I muſt waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pœnæ gelidus timor occupat artus:* 'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou ſhalt have cauſe to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye ſtoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious Lord, intreat him; ſpeak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is ſtern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we ſhould honour ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuit: no; rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than theſe knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heav'n, and to my King;
And ſooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than ſtand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True Nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Capt. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, ſoldiers, ſhew what cruelty you can,
That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.
A Roman ſworder and Bandetto ſlave
Murther'd ſweet Tully; Brutus' baſtard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæſar; ſavage iſlanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* Walter Whitmore *with* Suffolk.

Capt. And as for thoſe whoſe ranſom we have ſet,
It is our pleaſure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Ex. Captain and the reſt.*

Manet the firſt Gent. Enter Whitmore *with the body.*

Whit. There let his head and liveleſs body lie,
Until the Queen his miſtreſs bury it. [*Exit.* Whit.

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody ſpectacle!

His

His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Southwark.*

Enter Bevis *and* John Holland.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread bare. Well, I say, it was never a merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handycraftsmen.

Hol. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True; and yet it is said, *Labour in thy vocation*; which is as much as to say, Let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them; there's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher.———

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the weaver.———

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* Cade, Dick *the butcher*, Smith *the weaver, and a sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father———

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies ſhall fall before us, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down kings and princes. Command ſilence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a Mortimer——

Dich. He was an honeſt man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet——

Dick. I knew her well, ſhe was a midwife.

Cade. My wife deſcended of the Lacies——

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and ſold many laces.

Weav. But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, ſhe waſhes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable houſe.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a houſe but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A' muſt needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No queſtion of that; for I have ſeen him whipp'd three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither ſword nor fire.

Weav. He need not fear the ſword, for his coat is of proof *.

Dick. But methinks he ſhould ſtand in fear of fire, being burnt i' th' hand for ſtealing of ſheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There ſhall be in England ſeven halfpenny loaves ſold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot ſhall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink ſmall beer. All the realm ſhall be in common, and in Cheapſide ſhall my palfry go to graſs; and when I am King, as King I will be.——

All. God ſave your Majeſty!

Cade. I thank you, good people. There ſhall be no

* *A quibble intended between two ſenſes of the word; one as being able to* reſiſt, *the other as being* well tried, *that is,* long worn.

money;

money; all ſhall eat and drink upon my ſcore; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worſhip me their lord.

Dick. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the ſkin of an innocent lamb ſhould be made parchment; that parchment being ſcribbled o'er, ſhould undo a man? Some ſay, the bee ſtings; but I ſay, 'tis bee's wax; for I did but ſeal once to a thing, and I was never my own man ſince. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The Clerk of Chatham; he can write and read, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous!

Weav. We took him ſetting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Weav. He has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't; the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unleſs I find him guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither, ſirrah, I muſt examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick They uſe to write it on the top of letters*: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Doſt thou uſe to write thy name? or haſt thou a mark to thyſelf like an honeſt plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been ſo well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeſs'd; away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I ſay; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*

* i. e. *of letters miſſive, and ſuch like public acts. See* Mabillon's Diplomata.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly fly; Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, ſtand, or I'll fell thee down. He ſhall be encounter'd with a man as good as himſelf. He is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myſelf a knight preſently. Riſe up, *Sir John Mortimer.* Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ah, his brother

Cade. Then kneel down Dick Butcher. Riſe up, *Sir Dick Butcher.* Now ſound up the drum.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, *and young* Stafford, *with drum and ſoldiers.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and ſcum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forſake this groom;
The King is merciful if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken coated ſlaves, I paſs not *.
It is to you, good people, that I ſpeak,
O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaiſterer,
And thou thyſelf a ſhearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this. — Edmund Mortimer Earl of March married the Duke of Clarence's daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That's falſe.

* i. e. *I regard not. A common phraſe of that time.*

Cade.

Cade. Ay, there's the queſtion; but I ſay, 'tis true.
The elder of them being put to nurſe,
Was by a beggar woman ſtol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His ſon am I; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's houſe, and the bricks are alive at this day to teſtify it; therefore deny it not

Staf. And will you credit this baſe drudge's words,
That ſpeaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myſelf. Go to, ſirrah, tell the King from me, that for his father's ſake, Henry the Fifth, (in whoſe time boys went to ſpancounter for French crowns), I am content he ſhall reign; but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head, for ſelling the Dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reaſon; for thereby is England maim'd, and fain to go with a ſtaff, but that my puiſſance holds it up. Fellow Kings, I tell you, that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can ſpeak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O groſs and miſerable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, anſwer if you can The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then; I aſk but this, can he that ſpeaks with the tongue of the enemy, be a good counſellor or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, ſeeing gentle words will not prevail,
Aſſail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away, and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That thoſe which fly before the battle ends,
May (even in their wives and childrens' ſight)

Be

Be hang'd up for example at their doors;
And you that be the King's friends, follow me.
[*Exeunt the two* Staffords, *with their train.*

Cade And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now ſhew yourſelves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman;
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhoone;
For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then we are in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt* Cade *and his party.*

[*Alarum to the fight, wherein both the* Staffords *are ſlain.*

Re-enter Cade *and the reſt.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Aſhford?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like ſheep and oxen, and thou behavedſt thyſelf as if thou hadſt been in thine own ſlaughter houſe: therefore thus I will reward thee. The lent ſhall be as long again as it is, and thou ſhalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick I deſire no more

Cade. And, to ſpeak truth, thou deſerv'ſt no leſs. This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the Mayor's ſword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the priſoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV *Changes to Black-heath.*

Enter King Henry *with a ſupplication, and Queen* Margaret *with* Suffolk's *head, the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Say.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard, that grief ſoftens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and ceaſe to weep.
But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this?

Here

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breaſt:
But where's the body that I ſhould embrace?

Buck. What anſwer makes your Grace to the rebels' application?

K. Henry. I'll ſend ſome holy biſhop to intreat;
For God forbid ſo many ſimple ſouls
Should periſh by the ſword. And I myſelf,
Rather than bloody war ſhould cut them ſhort,
Will parly with Jack Cade their General.
But ſtay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled like a wand'ring planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the ſame?

K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath ſworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highneſs ſhall have his.

K. Henry. How now, Madam?
Lamenting ſtill, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldſt not have mourn'd ſo much for me.

Q. Mar. My love, I ſhould not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. Henry. How now? what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſſ. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, My Lord.
Jack Cade proclaims himſelf *Lord Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of Clarence' houſe;
And calls your Grace uſurper openly,
And vows to crown himſelf in Weſtminſter.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peaſants, rude and mercileſs.
Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed.
All ſcholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call falſe caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceleſs men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,

Until

Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Grace's person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge,
The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses;
The rascal people thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my Lord; away, take horse.

K. Henry. Come, Marg'ret, God our hope will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Lord; trust not to Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to London.*

Enter Lord Scales *upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my Lord, nor like to be slain: for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command:
But I am troubled here with them myself.
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower;
But get you into Smithfield, gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Goff.
Fight for your King, your country, and your lives;
And so farewel, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Cannon-ſtreet.*

Enter Jack Cade *and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaff on London-ſtone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this city, and here ting upon London-ſtone, I charge and command that the city's coſt the piſſing conduit run nothing but claret wine the firſt year of our reign. And now henceforward it ſhall be treaſon for any that calls me other than *Lord Mortimer.*

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Weav. If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call you *ack Cade* more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an army gathered together in nithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but firſt and ſet London-bridge on fire, and if you can, burn own the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE *changes to* Smithfield

Alarum. Matthew Goff *is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter* Jack Cade *with his company.*

Cade. So, Sirs. Now go ſome and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of courts, down with them all.

Dick. I have a ſuit unto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Be it a lordſhip, thou ſhalt have it for that ord.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out f your mouth.

John. Maſs, 'twill be ſore law then; for he was thruſt the mouth with a ſpear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, John, it will be ſtinking law, for his reath ſtinks with eating toaſted cheeſe.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. Away, urn all the records of the realm; my mouth ſhall be ie parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting ſtatutes, unleſs is teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things ſhall be in common.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say which ſold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt ſubſidy.

Enter George *with the Lord* Say.

Cade. Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten times.—— Ah, thou Say, thou ſerge, nay, thou buckram Lord, now art thou within point blank of our juriſdiction regal. What canſt thou anſwer to my Majeſty for giving up of Normandy unto Monſieur Baſimecu *, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by theſe preſents, even the preſence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the beſom that muſt ſweep the court clean of ſuch filth as thou art. Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-ſchool; and whereas before our forefathers had no other books but the ſcore and the tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the King his crown and dignity, thou haſt built a paper-mill It will be proved to thy face that thou haſt men about thee, that uſually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and ſuch abominable words as no Chriſtian ear can endure to hear. Thou haſt appointed juſtices of the peace to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreover, thou haſt put them in priſon; and becauſe they cou'd not read, thou haſt hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cauſe they have been moſt worthy to live. Thou doſt ride on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe wear a cloak, when honeſter men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their ſhirt too; as myſelf, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,——

Dick. What ſay you of Kent?

* *He means to ſay,* Baiſez ma queüe.

Say.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but ſpeak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the commentaries Cæſar writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this iſle;
Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, worthy:
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I ſold not Maine, I loſt not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would loſe my life:
Juſtice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts cou'd never:
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the realm, and you,
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned clerks;
Becauſe my book preferr'd me to the King:
And ſeeing ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
Unleſs you be poſſeſs'd with dev'liſh ſpirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murther me.
This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I ſtruck
Thoſe that I never ſaw, and ſtruck them dead.

George. O monſtrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. Theſe cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th'ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poor mens' cauſes,
Hath made me full of ſickneſs and diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why doſt thou quiver, man?

Say. The palſy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who ſhould ſay, I'll be

even with you. I'll ſee if his head will ſtand ſteadier on a pole or no: take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended moſt?
Have I affected wealth or honour? ſpeak.
Are my cheſts fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel ſumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeek my death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding,
This breaſt from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live! ———

Cade. I feel remorſe in myſelf with his words; but I'll bridle it; he ſhall die, an' it be but for pleading ſo well for his life. Away with him, he has a familiar under his tongue, he ſpeaks not o'God's name. Go, take him away, I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently; and then break into his ſon-in-law's houſe, Sir James Cromer, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen, if when you make your prayers,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as yourſelves,
How would it fare with your departed ſouls?
And therefore yet relent, and ſave my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt ſome with Lord* Say.] The proudeſt Peer of the realm ſhall not wear a head on his ſhoulders, unleſs he pay me tribute; there ſhall not a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay me her maidenhead ere they have it; men ſhall hold of me *in capite*. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord, when ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, preſently.

All. O brave!

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiſs one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, leſt they conſult about the giving up of ſome more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the ſpoil of the

the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Southwark.*

Alarum, and retreat. Enter again Cade, *and all his rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-street, down St Magnus' corner, kill and knock down, throw them into Thames.

[*A parley sounded.*

What noise is this I hear?
Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham *and old* Clifford, *attended.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the King
Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, *God save his Majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? and you, base peasants, do ye believe 'em? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White hart in Southwark? I thought you would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the ſon of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meaneſt of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas! he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live but by the ſpoil,
Unleſs by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a ſhame, that, whilſt you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquiſhed,
Should make a ſtart o'er ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I ſee them lording it in London ſtreets,
Crying, *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better ten thouſand baſe-born Cades miſcarry,
Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France! to France! and get what you have loſt;
Spare England, for it is your native coaſt.
Henry hath mercy, you are ſtrong and manly:
God on our ſide, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather ſo lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay their heads together to ſurpriſe me. My ſword make way for me, for here is no ſtaying; in deſpight of the devils and hell, have through the very midſt of you; and heavens and honour be witneſs, that no want of reſolution in me, but only my followers' baſe and ignominious treaſons, make me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go ſome, and follow him.
And he that brings his head unto the King,
Shall have a thouſand crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt ſome of them.*
Follow me, ſoldiers; we'll deviſe a mean
To reconcile you all unto the King. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *The palace at Killingworth.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret *and* Somerset *on the terras.*

K. Henry. Was ever King that 'joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a subject

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

K. Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surOr is he but retir'd to make him strong? [pris'd?

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my Lord, and all his pow'rs do yield;
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

K. Henry. Then, heav'n, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and mighty pow'r
Of desp'rate gallow-glasses and stout kerns,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my state 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straitway claim'd and boarded with a pirate.

But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet with him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms:
Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Untill his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My Lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my Lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *A garden in Kent.*

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambitions; fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that If I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefor on a brick wall have I climb'd into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather; and I think this word *sallet* was born to do me good; for many a time but for a sallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word *sallet* must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.

I ſeek not to wax great by other's waining;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my ſtate,
And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the ſoil come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for ent'ring his fee-ſimple without leave. Ah, villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thouſand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an oſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatſoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in ſpight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſaucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the beſt blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meet theſe five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat graſs more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid while England ſtands,
That Alexander Iden, an Eſquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famiſh'd man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt;
Thy leg a ſtick, compared with this truncheon.
My foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
As for more words, let this my ſword report
(Whoſe greatneſs anſwers words) what ſpeech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the moſt complete champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou ſleep in thy ſheath, I beſeech Jove on my knees thou may'ſt be turned into hobnails. [*Here they fight*] O I am ſlain! Famine, and no other, hath ſlain me: let ten thouſand devils

devils come againſt me, and give me but the ten meals I have loſt, and I'd defy them all. Wither garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this houſe, becauſe the unconquer'd ſoul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have ſlain, that monſtrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead.
Ne'er ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou ſhalt wear it as a herald's coat,
T'emblaze the honour which thy maſter got.

Cade. Iden, farewel, and be proud of thy victory: tell Kent from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man; and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I that never fear'd any, am vanquiſhed by Famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'ſt me, Heaven be my judge!
Die, damned wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy grave;
And there cut off thy moſt ungracious head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

In the fields near London.

Enter York, *and his army of Iriſh, with drum and colours.*

York. FRom Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful King!
Ah, Majeſty! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a ſword or ſceptre balance it.

A

ſceptre ſhall it have, (have I a ſoul),
1 which I'll toſs the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

'hom have we here? Buckingham to diſturb me?
he King hath ſent him, ſure: I muſt diſſemble.
Buck. York, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
rt thou a meſſenger, or come of pleaſure?
Buck. A meſſenger from Henry our dread Liege,
o know the reaſon of theſe arms in peace?
r why, thou, being a ſubject as I am,
gainſt thy oath and true allegiance ſworn,
ouldſt raiſe ſo great a power without his leave?
r dare to bring thy force ſo near the court?
York. Scarce can I ſpeak, my choler is ſo great.
h! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
am ſo angry at theſe abject terms.
nd now, like Ajax Telamonius,
n ſheep or oxen could I ſpend my fury. *Aſide.*
am far better born than is the King:
lore like a King, more kingly in my thoughts.
ut I muſt make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak and I more ſtrong.
) Buckingham! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no anſwer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cauſe why I have brought this army hither,
s to remove proud Somerſet from the King,
Seditious to his Grace and to the ſtate.
Buck. That is too much preſumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour is he priſoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour he is priſoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do diſmiſs my powers:
Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe yourſelves;
Meet me to-morrow in St George's field,

You

You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
And let my Sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son; nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission,
We twain will go into his Highness' tent. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *Changes to the King's pavilion.*

Enter King Henry, *and Attendants. Re-enter* Buckingham *and* York, *attended.*

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your Highness.
K. Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Whom since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden *with* Cade's *head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a King,
Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head;
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
K. Henry. The head of Cade? great God! how just art thou?
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.
K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poor Esquire of Kent, that loves the King.
Buck. So please it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created Knight for his good service.
K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; rise up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

And

nd never live but true unto his Liege!

SCENE III.

Enter Queen Margaret *and* Somerſet.

K. Henry. See, Buckingham, Somerſet comes with the
ío, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke. [Queen;
Q. Mar. For thouſand Yorks he ſhall not hide
ut boldly ſtand and front him to his face. [head,
York. How now? is Somerſet at liberty?
hen, York, unlooſe thy long impriſon'd thoughts,
nd let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
hall I endure the ſight of Somerſet?
alſe King! why haſt thou broken faith with me,
nowing how hardly I can brook abuſe?
ing did I call thee? no, thou art no King:
lot fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Vhich durſt not, no, nor canſt not rule a traitor.
hat head of thine doth not become a crown:
hy hand is made to graſp a palmer's ſtaff,
nd not to grace an awful princely ſceptre.
hat gold muſt round ingirt theſe brows of mine,
Vhoſe ſmile and frown (like to Achilles' ſpear *)
s able with the change to kill and cure.
lere is a hand to hold a ſceptre up,
nd with the ſame to act controlling laws.

* *The ſtory is, that Telephus the ſon of Hercules, being King of Myſia, oppoſed the paſſage of the Greeks to Troy, and being grievouſly wounded by Achilles, conſulted the oracle how he might be cured. The anſwer he received was, That nothing but the ſame ſpear which gave the wound could heal it: upon which he made friends to Achilles, who, by the ruſt from the ſteel of his ſpear ſcraped into the wound, cured him. And in return for ſo great a benefit, Telephus followed Achilles as an auxiliary to the ſiege of Troy. Ovid refers to this ſtory in the following verſes.*

Vulnus in Herculeo quæ quondam feceret hoſte.
Vulneris auxilium Pelias haſta tulit.

And Propertius,

Myſis & Æmoniâ juvenis quâ cuſpide vulnus
Senſerat, hâc ipsâ cuſpide ſenſit opem.

Give

Give place; by heaven thou ſhalt rule no more
O'er him whom heav'n created for thy ruler.
Som. O monſtrous traitor! I arreſt thee, York,
Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the King and crown;
Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.
York. Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail;
Wouldſt have me kneel? Firſt, let me aſk of theſe,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their ſwords for my infranchiſement.
Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amain,
To ſay, if that the baſtard boys of York
Shall be the ſurety for their traitor father.
York. O blood beſpotted Neapolitan,
Out-caſt of Naples, England's bloody ſcourge!
The ſons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bane to thoſe
That for my ſurety will refuſe the boys.
Enter Edward Plantagenet *and* Richard Plantagenet.
See where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it goo
Enter Clifford.
Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail
Clif. Health and all happineſs to my Lord the King.
York. I thank thee, Clifford; ſay, what news wit
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look: [thee
We are thy Sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy miſtaking ſo, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King, York, I do not miſtake;
But thou miſtak'ſt me much, to think I do:
To Bedlam with him; is the man grown mad?
K. Henry. Ay, Clifford, a Bedlam and ambitious hu
Makes him oppoſe himſelf againſt his King. [mou
Clif. He is a traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arreſted, but will not obey:
His ſons, he ſays, ſhall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, ſons?
E. Plan. Ay, Noble father, if our words will ſerve.
R. Plan.

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so.
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart traitor;
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears*,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs;
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Earls of Salisbury *and* Warwick.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was with-held;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape.

York Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow,
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,

* *Alluding to the* Nevills' *crest, which was the bear and ragged staff.*

That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My Lord, I have conſider'd with myſelf
The title of this moſt renowned Duke;
And in my conſcience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to England's royal ſeat.
K. Henry. Haſt thou not ſworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.
K. Henry. Canſt thou diſpenſe with heav'n for ſuch an oath?
Sal. It is great ſin to ſwear unto a ſin;
But greater ſin to keep a ſinful oath.
Who can be bound by any ſolemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſs virgin's chaſtity,
To 'reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her cuſtom'd right,
And have no other reaſon for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemn oath?
Q. Mar. A ſubtle traitor needs no ſophiſter.
K. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himſelf.
York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou haſt,
I am reſolv'd for death or dignity.
Old Clif. The firſt I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were beſt go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempeſt of the field.
Old Clif. I am reſolv'd to bear a greater ſtorm
Than any thou canſt conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet.
Might I but know thee by thy houſe's badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevill's creſt,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged ſtaff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar ſhews,
That keeps his leaves in ſpite of any ſtorm),
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the bearward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious Noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fie, charity for shame, speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V. *Changes to a field of battle at St Alban's*

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dying mens' cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me;
Proud northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my Noble Lord? what all a foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed:
But match to match I have encount'red him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows,
Ev'n of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War Of one or both of us the time is come.

York Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other
For I myself must hunt this dear to death. [chace,

War. Then nobly, York! 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit* War-

Clif What see'st thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both! ——

York. A dreadful lay, address thee instantly. [*Fight.*

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art ſtill.
Peace with his ſoul, Heav'n, if it be thy will. [*Exit.*

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confuſion! all is on the rout.
Fear frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds
Where it ſhould guard. O War! thou ſon of hell,
Whom ang'ry heav'ns do make their miniſter,
Throw in the frozen boſoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no ſoldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no ſelf-love; for he that loves himſelf,
Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance,
The name of valour. —— O let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*
And the premiſed * flames of the laſt day
Knit earth and heav'n together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities and petty ſounds
To ceaſe! Waſt thou ordained, O dear father,
To loſe thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The ſilver livery of adviſed age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this ſight
My heart is turn'd to ſtone; and while 'tis mine,
It ſhall be ſtony. York not our old men ſpares.
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the houſe of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Abſyrtus did.
In cruelty will I ſeek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's houſe;
As did Æneas old Anchiſes bear,
So I bear thee upon my manly ſhoulders:

* Premiſed, *for* ſent before their time.

But

But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing ſo heavy as theſe woes of mine.
[*Exit, bearing off his father.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet *and* Somerſet, *to fight.*

R. Plan. So, lie thou there: [Somerſet *is kill'd.*
For underneath an alehouſe' paltry ſign,
The caſtle in St Alban's, Somerſet
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful ſtill.
Prieſts pray for enemies, but princes kill.
[*Exit* Richard Plantagenet.

SCENE VI.

Fight. Excurſions. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and others.*

Q. Mar. Away, my Lord, you are ſlow; for ſhame, away.

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heav'ns! good Marg'ret, ſtay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly.
Now is it manhood, wiſdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to ſecure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then ſhould ſee the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply 'ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect),
We ſhall to London get, where you are lov'd;
And where this breach now in our fortunes made,
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future miſchief ſet,
I would ſpeak blaſphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you muſt: incurable diſcomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our preſent party.
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To ſee their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my Lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

York. Of Saliſbury, who can report of him?

That winter-lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contuſions and all bruſe of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occaſion. This happy day
Is not itſelf, nor have we won one foot,
If Saliſbury be loſt

R. Plan. My Noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horſe,
Three times beſtrid him; thrice I led him off,
Perſuaded him from any further act:
But ſtill where danger was, ſtill there I met him;
And, like rich hangings in an homely houſe,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. Now, by my ſword, well haſt thou fought to-day;
By th' maſs, ſo did we all. I thank you, Richard.
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, Lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis hot enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing nature.

York. I know our ſafety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the King is fled to London,
To call a preſent court of parliament.
Let us purſue him ere the writs go forth,
What ſays Lord Warwick? ſhall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them if we can.
Now, by my hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious day.
St Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound drum and trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch days as theſe to us befal! [*Exeunt.*

The

The Third Part of HENRY VI.*

With the Death of the Duke of York.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ING HENRY VI.
dward, *son to the King, and Prince of Wales.*
uke of Somerset. } *Lords of K. Henry's side.*
arl of Northumberland, } *Lords of K. Henry's side.*
arl of Oxford, } *Lords of K. Henry's side.*
arl of Exeter, } *Lords of K. Henry's side.*
arl of Westmorland, } *Lords of K. Henry's side.*
ord Clifford, } *Lords of K. Henry's side.*
arl of Richmond, *a youth, afterwards K. Henry* VII.
ichard, *Duke of York.*
dward, *eldest son of the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward* IV.
George, *Duke of Clarence, second son to the Duke of York.*
Richard, *Duke of Glouceſter, third son to the D of York, afterwards K Richard* III.
Edmund, *Earl of* Rutland, *youngest son to the D. of York.*
Duke of Norfolk, } *Of the D. of York's party.*
Marq. of Montague, } *Of the D. of York's party.*
Earl of Warwick, } *Of the D. of York's party.*
Earl of Salisbury, } *Of the D. of York's party.*
Earl of Pembroke, } *Of the D. of York's party.*
Lord Hastings, } *Of the D. of York's party.*
Lord Stafford, } *Of the D. of York's party.*
Sir J. } Mortimers. } *Uncles to the D. of York.*
Sir H. } Mortimers. } *Uncles to the D. of York.*
Sir William Stanley, *afterwards Earl of Derby.*
Lord Rivers, *brother to Lady Gray.*
Sir John Montgomery.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Mayor of Coventry.
Mayor and Alderm. of York.
Somerville.
Humphry *and* Sinklo *two huntsmen.*
Lewis, *King of France.*
Bourbon, *Admiral of France.*
Queen Margaret.
Bona, *sister to the French King.*
Lady Gray, *widow of Sir John Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward* IV.
Soldiers and other Attendants on K. Henry and K. Edward.

In part of the third act, the SCENE is laid in France; during all the rest of the play, in England.

* First printed under the title of *The true tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The second part of the contention between York and Lancaster*, 1600. Mr *Pope.*

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

London.

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and Soldiers.*

War. I Wonder how the King escap'd our hands!

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears cou'd never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front; and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dang'rously.
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's [blood;
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did —
[*Throwing down the Duke of* Somerset's *head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.
Is his Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heav'n these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of that fearful King,
And this the regal seat; possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk; stay by me, my Lords;
And,

id, ſoldiers, ſtay and lodge by me this night.
[*They go up.*
War. And when the King comes, offer him no vio-
ıleſs he ſeek to thruſt you out by force. [lence,
York. The Queen this day here holds her parliament,
ıt little thinks we ſhall be of her council;
words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody parliament ſhall this be call'd,
ıleſs Plantagenet Duke of York be King;
ıd baſhful Henry dep s'd, whoſe cowardice
ıth made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not; my Lords, be reſolute;
mean to take poſſeſſion of my right.
War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him beſt,
he proudeſt he that holds up Lancaſter,
ares ſtir a wing, if Warwick ſhake his bells.
l plant Plantagenet, root him up who dare:
eſolve thee, Richard; claim the Engliſh crown.

SCENE II.

nter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Weſt-
morland, Exeter, *and others.*
K. Henry. My Lords, look where the ſturdy rebel ſits,
ven in the chair of ſtate; belike he means
ack'd by the power of Warwick that falſe peer)
'aſpire into the crown, and reign as King.
arl of Northumberland, he ſlew thy father;
nd thine, Lord Clifford; and you vow'd revenge
n him, his ſons, his fav'rites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heav'ns be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in ſteel.
Weſt. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? let's pluck him
ly heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it. [down;
K. Henry. Be p tient, gentle Earl of Weſtmorland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and ſuch as he:
le durſt not ſit there had your father liv'd.
ly gracious Lord, here in the parliament
.et us aſſail the family of York.
North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, couſin, be it ſo.
K. Henry. Ah! know you not the city favours them,

And

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from Henry
To make a shambles of the parliament-house. [hear
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
[*To the Duk*
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy Sovereign.
York. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine.
Exe. For shame come down: he made thee Duke o
York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural King?
War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke o
York.
K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in m
throne?
York. It must and shall be so, content thyself.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.
West. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmorland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field.
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.
North. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more, lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.
York. Will you we shew our title to the crown?

If

not, our ſwords ſhall plead it in the field.
K. Henry. What title haſt thou, traitor, to the crown?
ıy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
ıy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
m the ſon of Henry the Fifth,
ho made the Dauphin and the French to ſtoop,
ıd ſeiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
K. Henry. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I;
hen I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you
loſe:
ther, tear the crown from the uſurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do ſo; ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'ſt and honour'ſt arms,
t's fight it out, and not ſtand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets; and the King will
fly. ——
York. Sons, peace.
K. Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to
ſpeak.
War. Plantagenet ſhall ſpeak firſt: hear him, Lords,
ıd be you ſilent and attentive too;
r he that interrupts him, ſhall not live.
K. Henry. Think'ſt thou that I will leave my kingly
herein my grandſire and my father ſat? [throne,
): firſt ſhall war unpeople this my realm;
r, and their colours often borne in France,
ıd now in England to our heart's great ſorrow,
all be my winding-ſheet. Why faint you, Lords?
y title's good, and better far than his.
War. But prove it, Henry, and thou ſhalt be King.
K. Henry Henry the Fourth by conqueſt got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion againſt his King.
K. Henry. I know not what to ſay, my title's weak:
ell me, may not a King adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King:
ır Richard, in the view of many Lords,

Reſign'd

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No, for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful King.
K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to hi
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be in despight of thee.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern pow
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despight of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words revive m
heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you, Lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill this house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers shew themselves*
K. Henry. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but on
Let me but reign in quiet while I live. [word
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son?

War

War. What good is this to England and himſelf?
Weſt. Baſe, fearful, and deſpairing Henry!
Clif. How haſt thou injur'd both thyſelf and us!
Weſt. I cannot ſtay to hear theſe articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, couſin, let us tell the Queen theſe news.
Weſt. Farewel, faint-hearted and degen'rate King,
In whoſe cold blood no ſpark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the houſe of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed! ———
Clif. In dreadful war may'ſt thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and deſpis'd! ——

[*Exeunt* Nor. Cliff. Weſtm.

SCENE III.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They ſeek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. Henry. Ah, Exeter! ———
War. Why ſhould you ſigh, my Lord?
K. Henry. Not for myſelf, Lord Warwick, but my ſon,
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But be it as it may; I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To ceaſe this civil war; and whilſt I live,
To honour me as thy King and Sovereign;
Neither by treaſon nor hoſtility
To ſeek to put me down, and reign thyſelf.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Henry. And long live thou, and theſe thy forward ſons!
York. Now York and Lancaſter are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he that ſeeks to make them foes!

[*Sonet. Here they come down.*

York. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'll to my caſtle.
War. And I'll keep London with my ſoldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the ſea, from whence I came.
K. Henry. And I with grief and ſorrow to the court.

[*Exeunt* York, Warwick, Norfolk, *and* Montague.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whoſe looks bewray her anger.
I'll ſteal away.

K. Henry. So, Exeter, will I. [*Going.*

Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee——

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will ſtay.

Queen. Who can be patient in ſuch extremes?
Ah, wretched man! wou'd I had died a maid,
And never ſeen thee, never born thee ſon,
Seeing thou haſt prov'd ſo unnatural a father.
Hath he deſerv'd to loſe his birthright thus?
Hadſt thou but lov'd him half ſo well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nouriſh'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'ſt have left thy deareſt heart-blood there,
Rather than made that ſavage Duke thine heir,
And diſinherited thine only ſon.

Prince. Father, you cannot diſinherit me:
If you be King, why ſhould not I ſucceed?

K. Henry. Pardon me, Marg'ret; pardon me, ſweet ſon,
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke inforc'd me.

Queen. Inforc'd thee! art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
I ſhame to hear thee ſpeak. Ah, tim'rous wretch!
Thou haſt undone thyſelf, thy ſon, and me;
And given unto the houſe of York ſuch head,
As thou ſhalt reign but by their ſufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy ſepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow ſeas;
The Duke is made Protector of the realm;
And yet ſhalt thou be ſafe?——ſuch ſafety finds
The trembling lamb invironed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a ſilly woman,
The ſoldiers ſhould have toſs'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'ſt thy life before thine honour.
And ſeeing thou doſt, I here divorce myſelf

Both

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern Lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus I do leave thee. Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.——

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your Grace; till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*

K. Henry. Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast * my crown; and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three Lords torments my heart;
I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair.
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And, as I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Sandal-castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter Richard, Edward, *and* Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention.

* i. e. *hover over it.*

York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is your's.
York Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the houſe of Lancaſter leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he ſhould quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thouſand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your Grace ſhould be forſworn
York. I ſhall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me ſpeak.
York. Thou can'ſt not, ſon; it is impoſſible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magiſtrate,
That hath authority o'er him that ſwears.
Henry had none; but did uſurp the place.
Then ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
Your oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore to arms! and, father, do but think
How ſweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whoſe circuit is Elyſium,
And all that poets feign of bliſs and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
Until the white roſe that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough: I will be King or die.
Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterpriſe.
Thou, Richard, ſhalt to th' Duke of Norfolk go,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, ſhall unto my Lord of Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
In them I truſt; for they are ſoldiers,
Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more
But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe;
And yet the King not privy to my drift,

Nor

Nor any of the houſe of Lancaſter?

Enter Meſſenger.

But ſtay, what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch poſt?

Meſſ. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,
intends here to beſiege you in your caſtle.
She is hard by with twenty thouſand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my Lord.

York. Ay,——with my ſword, What! think'ſt thou that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you ſhall ſtay with me;
My brother Montague ſhall poſt to London.
Let Noble Warwick, Cobham, and the reſt,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
And truſt not ſimple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit* Montague.

Enter Sir John Mortimer *and Sir* Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour.
The army of the Queen means to beſiege us.

Sir John. She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thouſand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's General; what ſhould we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let's ſet our men in order,
And iſſue forth, and bid them battle ſtrait.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſs?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A field of battle betwixt Sandal caſtle and Wakefield.

Enter Rutland *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah, whither ſhall I fly to 'ſcape their hands?

Ah, Tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford, *and Soldiers.*

Cliff. Chaplain, away! thy prieſthood ſaves thy life;
As for the brat of this accurſed Duke,
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

Tutor. Ah, Clifford! murther not this innocent chil
Leſt thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, dragg'd o*

Clif. How now? is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him cloſe his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And ſo he walks inſulting o'er his pray,
And ſo he comes to rend his limbs aſunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy ſword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me ſpeak before I die:
I am too mean a ſubject of thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor boy: my father's blo
Hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again.
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the houſe of York
Is as a fury to torment my ſoul:
And till I root out their accurſed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——

Rut. O let me pray before I take my death:
To thee I pray —— ſweet Clifford, pity me.

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou ſlay me?

Cl

Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou haſt one ſon, for his ſake pity me;
Leſt in revenge thereof (ſith God is juſt)
He be as miſerably ſlain as I.
Ah, let me live in priſon all my days;
And when I give occaſion of offence,
Then let me die; for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Clif. No cauſe!
Thy father ſlew my father, therefore die.
[Clif. *ſtabs him.*
Rut. Dii faciant laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ *! [*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy ſon's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall ruſt upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter Richard *Duke of* York.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe,
Turn back, and fly like ſhips before the wind,
Or lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved wolves.
My ſons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themſelves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, father! fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my ſide,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of thoſe that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardieſt warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of ground,
And cry'd, A crown, or elſe a glorious tomb;
A ſceptre, or an earthly ſepulchre.
With this we charg'd again: but out! alas,
We bodg'd again; as I have ſeen a ſwan
With bootleſs labour ſwim againſt the tide,

* *Ovid.*

And

And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching waves.
[*A ſhort alarum within.*
Ah! hark, the fatal followers do purſue:
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury.
And were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury.
The ſands are number'd that make up my life;
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my life muſt end.
Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, *the Prince of* Wales, *and Solaiers.*
Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchleſs fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your ſhot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to ſuch mercy as his ruthleſs arm
With downright payment ſhew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.
York. My aſhes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So deſp'rate thieves, all hopeleſs of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainſt the officers.
York. Oh, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canſt for bluſhing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that ſlanders him with cowardice,
Whoſe frown had made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word.
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one.
Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford; for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:
Wrath makes him deaf. Speak thou Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand between his teeth,

When

hen he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
is war's praiſe to take all 'vantages;
nd ten to one is no impeach of valour.
Clif. Ay, ay; ſo ſtrives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the coney ſtruggle in the net.
[*In the ſtruggle* York *is taken priſoner.*
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
o true men yield with robbers ſo o'er-match'd.
North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?
Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
ome make him ſtand upon this mole-hill here,
hat raught at mountains with outſtretched arms,
et parted but the ſhadow with his hand.
Vhat! was it you that would be England's King!
Vas't you that revell'd in our parliament,
nd made a preachment of your high deſcent?
Vhere are your meſs of ſons to back you now,
he wanton Edward, and the luſty George?
nd where's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
)icky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Vas wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
)r, with the reſt, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I ſtain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made iſſue from the boſom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas! poor York; but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart ſo parch'd thine intrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhould'ſt be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport.
York cannot ſpeak, unleſs he wear a crown.
A crown for York——and, Lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.
[*Putting a paper-crown on his head.*
Ay,

Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a King.
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be King,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the crown, and with the crown his head;
And whilst we breath, take him to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Queen. Nay, stay, let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not sham
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples, [le
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unless the adage must be verify'd,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud:
But God he knows thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,

the antipodes are unto us,
as the ſouth to the ſeptentrion.
, tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
w could'ſt thou drain the life-blood of the child,
, bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
d yet be ſeen to wear a woman's face?
omen are ſoft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
ou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſs.
ſt thou me rage? why, now thou haſt thy wiſh.
ould'ſt have me weep? why, now thou haſt thy will.
r raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhow'rs,
d when the rage allays, the rain begins.
eſe tears are my ſweet Rutland's obſequies;
d ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,
ainſt thee, fell Clifford; and thee, falſe Frenchwoman.
North. Beſhrew me but his paſſions move me ſo,
at hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry canibals
ould not have touch'd, would not have ſtain'd with
t you are more inhumane, more inexorable, [blood:
ten times more, than tygers of Hyrcania.
e, ruthleſs Queen, a hapleſs father's tears.
his cloth thou dipp'dſt in blood of my ſweet boy,
nd I with tears do waſh the blood away.
ep thou the napkin, and go boaſt of this:
nd if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
on my ſoul the hearers will ſhed tears;
a, even my foes will ſhed faſt-falling tears,
nd ſay, Alas, it was a pitcous deed! ———
here, take the crown, and with the crown my curſe:
nd in thy need ſuch comfort come to thee,
s now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
ard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world,
y ſoul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads.
North. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my kin,
ſhould not for my life but weep with him,
o ſee how inly ſorrow gripes his ſoul.
Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumber-
hink but upon the wrong he did us all, [land?
nd that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's dea
[*Stabbing hi*

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.
[*Stabs him a*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
[*Di*

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Excu*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Near Mortimer's cross in Wales.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, *and their power.*

Edw. I Wonder how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit?
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right-valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father.
Methinks 'tis pride enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious sun.
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes? or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;

No

ot ſeparated with the racking clouds,
ut ſever'd in a pale clear ſhining ſky.
e, ſee, they join, embrace, and ſeem to kiſs,
s if they vow'd ſome league inviolable.
ow are they but one lamp, one light, one ſun.
this the heaven figures ſome event.
Edw. 'Tis wond'rous ſtrange, the like yet never heard
think it cites us, brother, to the field; [of.
hat we, the ſons of brave Plantagenet,
ach one already blazing by our meeds,
ould, notwithſtanding, join our lights together,
nd overſhine the earth, as this the world.
hate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
pon my target three fair ſhining ſuns.
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: —— by your leave
ou love the breeder better than the male. [I ſpeak it,

Enter a Meſſenger.

ut what art thou, whoſe heavy looks foretell
ome dreadful ſtory hanging on thy tongue?
Meſſ. Ah! one that was a woful looker on,
hen as the Noble Duke of York was ſlain,
our princely father, and my loving Lord.
Edw. Oh, ſpeak no more! for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he dy'd; for I will hear it all.
Meſſ. Environed he was with many foes,
nd ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy
gainſt the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
ut Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds;
nd many ſtrokes, though with a little ax,
lew down and fell the hardeſt-timber'd oak.
y many hands your father was ſubdu'd,
ut only ſlaughter'd by the ireful arm
f unrelenting Clifford and the Queen;
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight;
augh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthleſs Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
napkin ſteeped in the harmleſs blood
f ſweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford ſlain:
nd, after many ſcorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York

They ſet the ſame; and there it doth remain
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon!
Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no ſtay.
Oh Clifford, boiſt'rous Clifford! thou haſt ſlain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry,
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him;
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquiſh'd thee.
Now my ſoul's palace is become a priſon:
Ah, would ſhe break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be cloſed up in reſt!
For never henceforth ſhall I joy again,
Never, oh never, ſhall I ſee more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen:
For th' ſelf-ſame wind that I ſhould ſpeak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire up all my breaſt;
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make leſs the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy deſcent, by gazing 'gainſt the ſun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom, ſay,
Either they're thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

SCENE II.

March. Enter Warwick, *Marquis of* Montague, *and their army.*

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we ſhould recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance
Stab poniards in our fleſh till all were told,
The words would add more anguiſh than the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of York is ſlain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet

Which

Which held thee dearly as his ſoul's redemption,
Is by the ſtern Lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd theſe news in tears;
And now, to add more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his lateſt gaſp,
Tidings, as ſwiftly as the poſt could run,
Were brought me of your loſs and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King.
Muſter'd my ſoldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd towards St Alban's t' intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my ſcouts I was advertiſed
That ſhe was coming, with a full intent
To daſh our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make, we at St Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both ſides fiercely fought.
But whether 'twas the coldneſs of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my ſoldiers of their hated ſpleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſs,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death;
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons, like to lightning, came and went;
Our ſoldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy threſher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with juſtice of our cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay and great reward.
But all in vain: they had no heart to fight;
And we, in them, no hope, to win the day:
So that we fled; the King, unto the Queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myſelf,
In haſte, poſt-haſte, are come to join with you:
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.
Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some ſix miles off the Duke is with his power;
And for your brother, he was lately ſent
From your kind aunt, Ducheſs of Burgundy,
With aid of ſoldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'Twas odds belike when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praiſes in purſuit,
But ne'er, till now, his ſcandal of retire.
War. Nor now my ſcandal, Richard, doſt thou hear:
For thou ſhalt know, this ſtrong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful ſceptre from his fiſt;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildneſs, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not;
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me ſpeak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of ſteel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our *Ave Maries* with our beads?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the laſt, ſay, Ay; and to it, Lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to ſeek you out:
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, Lords: the proud inſulting Queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the eaſy-melting King, like wax.
He ſwore conſent to your ſucceſſion,
His oath inrolled in the parliament:
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
Their power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myſelf,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongſt the loving Welchmen canſt procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand;
Why, *via!* to London will we march amain;

And

And once again beſtride our foaming ſteeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back and fly.
Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick ſpeak;
Ne'er may he live to ſee a ſun-ſhine day,
That cries, Retire,—if Warwick bid him ſtay.
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy ſhoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'ſt, (as God forbid the hour!)
Muſt Edward fall; which peril heav'n forefend!
War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne:
For King of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In ev'ry borough as we paſs along:
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown;
But ſound the trumpets, and about our taſk.
Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as ſteel,
As thou haſt ſhewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Edw. Then ſtrike up, drums; God and St George for us!

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now? what news?
Meſſ. The Duke of Norfolk ſends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puiſſant hoſt,
And craves your company for ſpeedy counſel.
War. Why then it ſorts; brave warriors, let's away.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III. *Changes to York.*

Enter King Henry, *the Queen,* Clifford, Northumberland, *and the Prince of* Wales, *with drums and trumpets.*

Queen. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch enemy
That ſought to be encompaſs'd with your crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?
K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks chear them that fear their wreck;
To ſee this ſight, it irks my very ſoul:
With-hold revenge, dear God; 'tis not my fault,

Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity muſt be laid aſide.
To whom do lions caſt their gentle looks?
Not to the beaſt that would uſurp their den.
Whoſe hand is that the foreſt-bear doth lick?
Not his that ſpoils her young before her face.
Who 'ſcapes the lurking ſerpents mortal ſting?
Not he that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt worm will turn, being trodden on,
And doves will peck in ſafeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou ſmiling while he knit his angry brows.
He but a Duke, would have his ſon a King,
And raiſe his iſſue like a loving ſire:
Thou being a King, bleſs'd with a goodly ſon,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him;
Which argu'd thee a moſt unloving father.
Unreaſonable creatures feed their young;
And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings
Which ſometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For ſhame, my Liege, make them your precedent.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should loſe his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter ſay unto his child,
What my great-grandfather and grandſire got,
My careleſs father fondly gave away?
Ah, what a ſhame was this! look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful fortune, ſteel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own to him.

K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didſt thou never hear,
That things ill-got had ever bad ſucceſs?
And happy always was it for that ſon,

Whoſe

hoſe father for his hoarding went to hell?
l leave my ſon my virtuous deeds behind;
ıd 'would my father had left me no more!
ır all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
brings a thouſand-fold more care to keep,
han in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure.
ı, couſin York, 'would thy beſt friends did know
ɔw it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your ſpirits, our foes are nigh,
ıd this ſoft courage makes your followers faint.
ɔu promis'd knighthood to our forward ſon;
ıſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently.
lward, kneel down.

K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight;
nd learn this leſſon, draw thy ſword in right.

Prince. My Gracious father, by your kingly leave,
l draw it as apparent to the crown,
nd in that quarrel uſe it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is ſpoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Royal commanders, be in readineſs;
or, with a band of thirty thouſand men,
omes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York:
nd in the towns, as they do march along,
roclaims him King; and many fly to him.
'arraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highneſs would depart the field:
The Queen hath beſt ſucceſs when you are abſent.

Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll ſtay.

North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prince. My Royal father, cheer theſe Noble Lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Unſheath your ſword, good father; cry, *St George!*

SCENE IV.

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And ſet thy diadem upon my head,

Or

Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy Sovereign and thy lawful King?
Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of parliament
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O! I cannot speak.
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it n
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.
Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give signal to the figh
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield
crown?
Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick, d
When you and I met at St Alban's last, [you sp
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thin
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove
thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you st
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.——
Break off the parly, for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland:
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Henry. Have done with words, my Lords, a
hear me speak.
Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Henry. I pr'ythee give no limits to my tongue;

m a King, and privileg'd to ſpeak.
Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting
nnot be cur'd by words; therefore be ſtill. [here,
Rich. Then, executioner, unſheath thy ſword.
him that made us all, I am reſolv'd
iat Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, ſhall I have my right or no?
thouſand men have broke their faſts to-day,
iat ne'er ſhall dine unleſs thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
r York in juſtice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right which Warwick ſays is right,
iere is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
r well I wot thou haſt thy mother's tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy ſire nor dam,
: like a foul miſ-ſhapen ſtigmatic,
rk'd by the deſtinies to be avoided,
venomous toads, or lizard's dreadful ſtings.
Rich. Iron of Naples hid with Engliſh gilt,
hoſe father bears the title of a King,
; if a channel ſhould be call'd the ſea),
am'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
; let thy tongue detect thy baſe-born heart?
Edw. A wiſp of ſtraw were worth a thouſand crowns,
; make this ſhameleſs callat know herſelf.
len of Greece was fairer far than thou,
ho' thy huſband may be Menelaus;
id ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
that falſe woman, as this King by thee.
s father revell'd in the heart of France,
id tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin ſtoop:
id had he match'd according to his ſtate,
: might have kept that glory to this day.
t when he took a beggar to his bed,
id grac'd thy poor ſire with his bridal-day,
en then that ſun-ſhine brew'd a ſhow'r for him,
hat waſh'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
id heap'd ſedition on his crown at home.
r what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?

Hadſt

Hadſt thou been meek, our title ſtill had ſlept;
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had ſlipt our claim until another age.

Cla. But when we ſaw our ſun-ſhine made thy ſpri
And that thy ſummer bred us no increaſe,
We ſet the ax to thy uſurping root;
And though the edge hath ſomething hit ourſelves,
Yet know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this reſolution I defie thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'ſt the gentle King to ſpeak.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory, or elſe a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward———

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer ſtay
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand lives this day.

[*Exeunt o*

SCENE V.

Changes to a field of battle at Ferrybridge in Yorkſhi
Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-ſpent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength;
And, ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a while.

Enter Edward *running*.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heav'n! or ſtrike, ungentle De
For this world frowns, and Edward's ſun is clouded.

War. How now, my Lord, what hap? what ho
good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad deſpair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counſel give you? whither ſhall we fly?

Edw. Bootleſs is flight; they follow us with wing
And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why haſt thou withdrawn thy

y brother's * blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,
ach'd with the ſteely point of Clifford's lance:
l in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
:e to a diſmal clangor heard from far),
rwick, revenge; brother, revenge my death.
nderneath the belly of their ſteeds,
at ſtain'd their fetlocks in his ſmoking blood,
e Noble Gentleman gave up the ghoſt.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
kill my horſe, becauſe I will not fly:
ıy ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women here,
iling our loſſes, whiles the foe doth rage;
ł look upon as if the tragedy
:re play'd in jeſt by counterfeiting actors?
'e on my knee, I vow to God above,
never pauſe again, never ſtand ſtill,
il either death hath clos'd theſe eyes of mine,
Fortune given me meaſure of revenge.
Edw. O warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
d in this vow do chain my ſoul with thine.
d ere my knee riſe from the earth's cold face,
hrow my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
ıou ſetter up and plucker down of Kings!
ſeeching thee, if with thy will it ſtands
ıat to my foes this body muſt be prey,
t that thy brazen gates of heav'n may ope,
d give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful ſoul!——
ıw, Lords, take leave until we meet again,
here'er it be, in heav'n or on earth.
Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle War-
:t me embrace thee in my weary arms: [wick,
hat did never weep, now melt with woe,
hat winter ſhou'd cut off our ſpring-time ſo.
War. Away, away: once more, ſweet Lords, farewel.
Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops;
ıd give them leave to fly that will not ſtay,

* *It was not the Marquis of Montague who was ſlain this battle, but a natural brother of the Earl of Warwick.*

And

And call them pillars that will ſtand to us;
And if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards,
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts,
For yet is hope of life and victory;
Fore-ſlow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeu*

Excurſions. *Enter* Richard *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have ſingled thee alone;
Suppoſe this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou inviron'd with a brazen wall.

Cliff Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that ſtabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that ſlew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers theſe hands that ſlew thy ſire and brother,
To execute the like upon thy ſelf;
And ſo have at thee.

They fight. Warwick *enters*, Clifford *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, ſingle out ſome other chace,
For I myſelf will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeu*

SCENE VI. *Alarum.* *Enter King* Henry *alo*

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's w.
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now ſways it this way, like a mighty ſea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now ſways it that way, like the ſelf-ſame ſea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another beſt;
Both tugging to be victors, breaſt to breaſt,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;
So is the equal poiſe of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I ſit me down:
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my Queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; ſwearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.

Woul

Would I were dead, if God's good-will were ſo:
For what is in this world but grief and wo?
O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely ſwain;
To ſit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finiſh up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time;
So many hours muſt I tend my flock,
So many hours muſt I take my reſt,
So many hours muſt I contemplate,
So many hours muſt I ſport myſelf;
So many days my ews have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean,
So many months ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Paſt over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how ſweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To Kings, that fear their ſubjects' treachery?
O yes, it doth; a thouſand-fold it doth.
And, to conclude, the ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands ſparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, miſtruſt, and treaſons wait on him.

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had kill'd his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body.——

This man, whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of crowns;
And I that haply take them from him now,
May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man to me.
Who's this? oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I un'wares have kill'd.
Oh heavy times, begetting ſuch events!
From London by the King was I preſs'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, preſs'd by his maſter;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
My tears ſhall wipe away theſe bloody marks:
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous ſpectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmleſs lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing his ſon.

Fath. Thou that ſo ſtoutly haſt reſiſted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou haſt any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me ſee. Is this our foe-man's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only ſon!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes; ſee, ſee, what ſhours ariſe,
Blown with the windy tempeſt of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miſerable age!
What ſtratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy! thy father gave thee life too ſoon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Henry. Wo above wo, grief more than common
) that my death would ſtay theſe rueful deeds! [grief;
) pity, pity, gentle heav'n, pity!
The red roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes.
The one his purple blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale cheek, methinks, preſenteth.
Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh!
If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd!

Fath. How will my wife, for ſlaughter of my ſon,
Shed ſeas of tears, and ne'er be ſatisfied!

K Henry. How will the country, for theſe woful chan-
Miſ-think the King, and not be ſatisfy'd! [ces,

Son. Was ever ſon ſo ru'd a father's death!

Fath. Was ever father ſo bemoan'd his ſon!

K. Henry. Was ever King ſo griev'd for ſubjects' wo!
Much is your ſorrow, mine ten times ſo much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit.*

Fath. Theſe arms of mine ſhall be thy winding-ſheet,
My heart, ſweet boy, ſhall be thy ſepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er ſhall go,
My ſighing breaſt ſhall be thy funeral-bell.
And ſo obſequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loſs of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant ſons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will;
For I have murther'd where I ſhould not kill. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here ſits a King more woful than you are.

SCENE VIII.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales *and* Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly; for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in purſuit.

Queen. Mount you, my Lord, toward Berwick poſt a-
main.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in ſight,
With fiery eyes ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody ſteel graſp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed;
Or elſe come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet Exe-
Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go. [ter;
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *A loud alarum. Enter* Clifford *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which while it laſted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaſter! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my ſoul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee. [*Falling.*
And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, ſtrength'ning miſ-proud York.
The common people ſwarm like ſummer-flies;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the ſun?
And who ſhines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadſt thou never given conſent
That Phaeton ſhould check thy fiery ſteed,
Thy burning car had never ſcorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the houſe of York,
They never then had ſprung like ſummer-flies.
I and ten thouſand in this luckleſs realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadſt kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cheriſh weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootleſs are plaints, and cureleſs are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out flight.
The foe is mercileſs, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deſerv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint.

Come,

ome, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the reſt;
ſtabb'd your fathers' boſoms, ſplit my breaſt.
[*He faints.*

larum, and retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Montague, Clarence, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, Lords, good fortune bids us pauſe,
nd ſmooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
ome troops purſue the bloody minded Queen,
hat led calm Henry, though he were a King,
s doth a ſail fill'd with a fretting guſt,
ommand an argoſie to ſtem the waves.
ut think you, Lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
or though before his face I ſpeak the word,
our brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;
nd whereſo'er he is, he's ſurely dead.
[Clifford *grones.*

Rich. Whoſe ſoul is that which takes her heavy leave!
deadly groan, like life in death departing.
:e who it is.

Edw. And now the battle's ended,
friend or foe, let him be gently uſed.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Vho not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
n hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
ut ſet his murth'ring knife unto the root
rom whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring;
mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
our father's head, which Clifford placed there:
nſtead whereof let his ſupply the room.
Aeaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal ſcreech-owl to our houſe,
That nothing ſung but death to us and ours.
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmal threat'ning ſound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeak.

War. I think his underſtanding is bereft.
Speak, Clifford, doſt thou know who ſpeaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'erſhades his beams of life,

And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O would he did! and so perhaps he doth.
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit;
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
As in the time of death he gave our father.
Cla. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Cla. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitiest Rutland, I will pity thee.
Cla. Where's Captain Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford, swear as thou was wont.
Rich. What, not an oath! nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours' life,
That I in all despight might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's Royal King:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy Queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together.
And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz t'offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation;
And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
T'effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.
Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat:
And never will I undertake the thing,

Wherein

herein thy counſel and conſent is wanting.
chard, I will create thee Duke of Glo'ſter;
id George, of Clarence; Warwick as ourſelf
all do and undo, as him pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence; George, of Glo'ſter;
or Glo'ſter's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſervation:
chard, be Duke of Glo'ſter. Now to London,
o ſee theſe honours in poſſeſſion. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A wood in Lancaſhire.

nter Sinklo *and* Humphry, *with croſs-bows in their hands.*

ink. UNder this thick grown brake we'll ſhroud ourſelves,
or through this laund anon the deer will come;
nd in this covert will we make our ſtand,
ulling the principal of all the deer.
Hum I'll ſtay above the hill, ſo both may ſhoot.
Sink. That cannot be: the noiſe of thy croſs-bow
Vill ſcare the herd, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt:
lere ſtand we both, and aim we at the beſt.
ınd, for the time ſhall not ſeem tedious,
'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
n this ſelf-place where now we mean to ſtand.
Hum. Here comes a man, let's ſtay till he be paſs'd.

Enter King Henry, *with a prayer book.*

K. Henry. From Scotland am I ſtol'n ev'n of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wiſhful ſight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy ſceptre wrung from thee;
Thy balm waſh'd off wherewith thou waſt anointed.
No bending knee will call thee Cæſar now,
No humble ſuitors preſs to ſpeak for right:
No not a man comes for redreſs to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myſelf?
Sink. Ay, here's a deer, whoſe ſkin's a keeper's fee:

This

This is the *quondam* King, let's ſeize upon him.

K Henry. Let me embrace theſe four adverſities;
For wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.

Hum. Why linger we? let's lay our hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K Henry My Queen and ſon are gone to France fo
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick [aid
Is thither gone to crave the French King's ſiſter
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and ſon! your labour is but loſt:
For Warwick is a ſubtle orator;
And Lewis a prince ſoon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For ſhe's a woman to be pitied much:
Her ſighs will make a batt'ry in his breaſt;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tyger will be mild while ſhe doth mourn;
And Nero would be tainted with remorſe,
To hear and ſee her plaints, her briniſh tears.
Ay, but ſhe's come to beg, Warwick to give:
She on his left ſide craving aid for Henry;
He on his right aſking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and ſays her Henry is depos'd;
He ſmiles, and ſays, his Edward is inſtall'd;
That ſhe, poor wretch, for grief can ſpeak no more!
While Warwick tells his title, ſmooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength,
And in concluſion wins the King from her,
With promiſe of his ſiſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen and ſupport King Edward's place.
O Marg'ret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor ſoul,
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'ſt of Kings an
Queens?

K. Henry. More than I ſeem, and leſs than I wa
A man at leaſt, for leſs I ſhould not be; [born to
And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'ſt as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why, ſo I am in mind, and that's enough

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy crown?

K. Henry.

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head:
deck'd with diamonds and Indian ſtones;
to be ſeen: my crown is call'd *Content*;
rown it is that ſeldom Kings enjoy.
lum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
ır crown Content and you muſt be contented
go along with us. For, as we think,
ı are the King, King Edward hath depos'd:
l we his ſubjects, ſworn in all allegiance,
ll apprehend you as his enemy.
K. Henry. But did you never ſwear, and break an oath?
lum. No, never ſuch an oath, nor will not now.
K. Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of
England?
lum. Here in this country where we now remain.
K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine months old,
father and my grandfather were Kings;
l you were ſworn true ſubjects unto me:
l tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
ink. No, we were ſubjects but while you were King.
K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
, ſimple men, you know not what you ſwear.
ok, as I blow this feather from my face,
d as the air blows it to me again,
eying with my wind when I do blow,
d yielding to another when it blows,
mmanded always by the greater guſt;
ch is the lightneſs of you common men.
t do not break your oaths, for of that ſin
/ mild intreaty ſhall not make you guilty.
, where you will, the King ſhall be commanded;
d be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.
Sink. We are true ſubjects, to the King, King Edward.
K. Henry So would you be again to Henry,
he were ſeated as King Edward is,
Sink. We charge you in God's name, and in the King's,
o go with us unto the officers.
K. Henry In God's name lead, your King's name be o-
ıd what God will, then let your King perform; [bey'd;
ıd what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence, *and L* Gray.

K Edw Brother of Glo'ſter, at St Alban's field
This lady's huſband, Sir John Gray *, was ſlain,
His land then ſeiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her ſuit is now to repoſſeſs thoſe lands;
Which we in juſtice cannot well deny;
Becauſe, in quarrel of the houſe of York,
The worthy gentleman did loſe his life.

Glo. Your Highneſs ſhall do well to grant her ſuit:
It were diſhonour to deny it her.

K Edw. It were no leſs; but yet I'll make a pauſe.

Glo. Yea! is it ſo?
I ſee the lady hath a thing to grant
Before the King will grant her humble ſuit.

Cla. He knows the game; how true he keeps the win

Glo Silence.

K. Edw Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our mind.

Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay.
May't pleaſe your Highneſs to reſolve me now;
And what your pleaſure is ſhall ſatisfy me.

Glo. Ay, widow! then I'll warrant you all your lan
An' if what pleaſes him ſhall pleaſure you:
Fight cloſer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Cla. I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall.

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take 'vantages.

K. Edw. How many children haſt thou, widow? t
me.

Cla. I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.

Gray. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.

Glo. You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K Edw. 'Twere pity they ſhould loſe their father
lands.

Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant 'em then.

* *Vid* Hall, 3d year of Edw. IV. folio 5. *It was h*
therto falſely printed Richard. *Mr* Pope.

K. Edw

K. *Edw.* Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
l youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

K. *Edw.* Now, tell me, Madam, do you love your children?

Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love myſelf.

K. *Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

Gray. To do them good I would ſuſtain ſome harm.

K. *Edw.* Then get your huſband's lands, to do them good.

Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majeſty.

K. *Edw.* I'll tell you how theſe lands are to be got.

Gray. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſs' ſervice.

K. *Edw.* What ſervice wilt thou do me if I give them?

Gray. What you command that reſts in me to do.

K. *Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.

K *Edw* Ay, but thou canſt do what I mean to aſk.

Gray. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.

Cla. As red as fire! nay, then her wax muſt melt.

Gray. Why ſtops my Lord? ſhall I not hear my taſk?

K. *Edw.* An eaſy taſk, 'tis but to love a King.

Gray. That's ſoon perform'd, becauſe I am a ſubject.

K. *Edw.* Why then, thy huſband's lands I freely give thee.

Gray. I take my leave with many thouſand thanks.

Glo. The match is made, ſhe ſeals it with a curt'ſy.

K *Edw.* But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.

K. *Edw.* Ay, but I fear me, in another ſenſe.
hat love think'ſt thou I ſue ſo much to get?

Gray. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
hat love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. *Edw.*

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such l
Gray. Why then you mean not as I thought you
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my m
Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highneſs aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lie in priſon.
K. Edw. Why then, thou ſhalt not have thy h
band's lands.
Gray. Why then, mine honeſty ſhall be my dower
For by that loſs I will not purchaſe them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'ſt thy children might
Gray. Herein your Highneſs wrongs both them
But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſs of my ſuit;
Pleaſe you diſmiſs me, or with Ay or No.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt ſay Ay to my requeſt;
No, if thou doſt ſay No to my demand.
Gray. Then, No, my Lord; my ſuit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, ſhe knits her brows.
Cla. He is the bluntſt wooer in Chriſtendom.
K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with model
Her words do ſhew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge ſovereignty;
One way or other ſhe is for a King;
And ſhe ſhall be my love, or elſe my Queen.
Say that King Edward take thee for his Queen?
Gray. 'Tis better ſaid than done, my gracious Lor
I am a ſubject fit to jeſt withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my ſtate I ſwear to thee,
I ſpeak no more than what my ſoul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean my Queer
Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace my ſons ſhould c
you father.

K. Ed

K. *Edw.* No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
ou art a widow, and thou haſt ſome children;
d, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
ve other ſome: why, 'tis a happy thing
be the father unto many ſons.
ſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queen.
Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.
Clar When he was made a ſhriver, 'twas for ſhift.
K. *Edw.* Brothers, you muſe what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for ſhe looks ſad.
K. *Edw.* You'd think it ſtrange if I ſhould marry her.
Clar To whom, my Lord?
K. *Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myſelf.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the leaſt.
Clar That's a day longer than a wonder laſts.
Glo. By ſo much is the wonder in extremes.
K. *Edw.* Well, jeſt on, brothers; I can tell you both, ſuit is granted for her huſband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your foe is taken,
d brought your priſoner to your palace-gate.
K. *Edw.* See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
d go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
queſtion of his apprehenſion.
dow, go you along: Lords, uſe her honourably. [*Exe.*

SCENE III. *Manet* Glouceſter.

Glo. Ay, Edward will uſe women honourably.
ould he were waſted, marrow, bones, and all,
at from his loins no hopeful branch may ſpring,
croſs me from the golden time I look for.
d yet between my ſoul's deſire and me,
ne luſtful Edward's title buried),
Clarence, Henry, and his ſon young Edward;
d all th' unlook'd-for iſſue of their bodies,
take their rooms ere I can place myſelf.
old premeditation for my purpoſe!
y, then I do but dream on ſov'reignty,
e one that ſtands upon a promontory,

And ſpies a far-off ſhore where he would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the ſea that ſunders him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way.
So do I wiſh, the crown being ſo far off,
And ſo I chide the means that keep me from it;
And ſo (I ſay) I'll cut the cauſes off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impoſſible.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unleſs my hand and ſtrength could equal them.
Well, ſay there is no kingdom then for Richard:
What other pleaſure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet ladies with my words and looks.
Oh miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accompliſh twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forſwore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with ſome bribe
To ſhrink mine arm up like a wither'd ſhrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back;
Where ſits Deformity to mock my body,
To ſhape my legs of an unequal ſize,
To diſproportion me in every part:
Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impreſſion like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh, monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Then ſince this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear ſuch
As are of better perſon than myſelf;
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the crown;
And, while I live, t' account this world but hell,
Untill the head this miſ-ſhap'd trunk doth bear,
Be round impealed with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives ſtand between me and home:
And I (like one loſt in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,

Seek

cking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
ot knowing how to find the open air,
it toiling deſp'rately to find it out)
orment myſelf to catch the Engliſh crown.
nd from that torment I will free myſelf,
r hew my way out with a bloody ax.
Why, I can ſmile, and murther while I ſmile;
nd cry, Content, to that which grieves my heart;
nd wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
nd frame my face to all occaſions:
I drown more ſailors than the mermaid ſhall,
ll ſlay more gazers than the baſiliſk,
ll play the orator as well as Neſtor,
eceive more ſlily than Ulyſſes could.
nd, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
can add colours ev'n to the camel on;
hange ſhapes with Proteus, for advantages;
nd ſet the aſpiring Catiline to ſchool.
an I do this, and cannot get a crown?
ut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to France.*

louriſh. Enter King Lewis, *Lady* Bona, Bourbon, Edward *Prince of* Wales, *Queen* Margaret, *and the Earl of* Oxford. Lewis *ſits, and riſeth up again.*

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
it down with us; it ill befits thy ſtate,
nd birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand while Lewis ſits.

Queen. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
ſuſt ſtrike her ſail, and learn a while to ſerve,
Where Kings command. I was, I muſt confeſs,
Great Albion's Queen in former golden days:
But now miſchance hath trod my title down,
And with diſhonour laid me on the ground;
Where I muſt take like ſeat unto my fortune,
And to my humble ſeat conform myſelf.

K. Lew Why, ſay, fair Queen, whence ſprings this deep deſpair?

Queen. From ſuch a cauſe as fills mine eyes with tears,
And ſtops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou ſtill like thyſelf,

And ſit thee by our ſide. Yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by hi*
To Fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntleſs mind
Still ride in triumph over all miſchance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It ſhall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Thoſe gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd ſorrows leave to ſpeak.
Now therefore be it known to Noble Lewis,
That Henry, ſole poſſeſſor of my love,
Is, of a King, become a baniſh'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Uſurps the regal title and the ſeat
Of England's true anointed lawful King.
This is the cauſe that I, poor Margaret,
With this my ſon Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy juſt and lawful aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:
Our people and our peers are both miſled,
Our treaſure ſeiz'd, our ſoldiers put to flight,
And, as thou ſeeſt, ourſelves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the ſtorm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we ſtay, the ſtronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I ſtay, the more I'll ſuccour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiting, rues to-morrow;
And ſee where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

SCENE V. *Enter Warwick.*

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our preſence?

Queen. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greateſt friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick: what brings thee to France? [*He deſcends. She ariſeth.*

Queen. Ay, now begins a ſecond ſtorm to riſe;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,

My

My Lord and Sov'reign, and thy vowed friend,
come (in kindneſs and unfeigned love)
Firſt to do greetings to thy royal perſon;
And then to crave a league of amity
And laſtly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair ſiſter,
To England's King in lawful marriage.
Queen. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done!
War. And, gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,
[*Speaking to* Bona.
am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiſs your hand; and with my tongue
To tell the paſſion of my Sov'reign's heart;
Where fame late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue's.
Queen. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me ſpeak,
Before you anſwer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honeſt love,
But from deceit bred by neceſſity:
For how can tyrants ſafely govern home,
Unleſs abroad they purchaſe great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reaſon may ſuffice,
That Henry liveth ſtill; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward ſtands, King Henry's ſon.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and matriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and diſhonour:
For tho' uſurpers ſway the rule a while,
Yet heav'ns are juſt, and time ſuppreſſeth wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!———
Prince. And why not Queen?
War. Becauſe thy father Henry did uſurp,
And thou no more art Prince than ſhe is Queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick diſannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of Spain:
And after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whoſe wiſdom was a mirrour to the wiſeſt;
And after that wiſe prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his proweſs conquered all France.
From theſe our Henry lineally deſcends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath loſt
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks theſe Peers of France ſhould ſmile at that.
But for the reſt, you tell a pedigree
Of threeſcore and two years, a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why Warwick, canſt thou ſpeak againſt th
Whom thou obeyedſt thirty and ſix years, [Lieg
And not bewray thy treaſon with a bluſh?

War. Can Oxford that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falſehood with a pedigree?
For ſhame, leave Henry, and call Edward King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whoſe injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than ſo, my father,
Even in the downfal of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the houſe of Lancaſter.

War. And I the houſe of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Lor
Vouchſafe at our requeſt to ſtand aſide, [Oxford
While I uſe farther conference with Warwick.

Queen. Heav'ns grant that Warwick's words bewitch
him not! [*They ſtand aloof*

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me even upon thy con-
ſcience,
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful choſen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eyes?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further: all diſſembling ſet aſide,
Tell me for truth the meaſure of his love
Unto our ſiſter Bona.

War. Such it ſeems
As may beſeem a Monarch like himſelf.
Myſelf have often heard him ſay and ſwear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,

Whereo f

ereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
e leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's ſon;
empt from envy, but not from diſdain,
eſs the Lady Bona quit his pain.
K. Lew. Now, ſiſter, let us hear your firm reſolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, ſhall be mine.
I confeſs, that often ere this day, [*Speaks to* War.
hen I have heard your King's deſert recounted,
ne ear hath tempted judgment to deſire.
K. Lew. Then, Warwick, this: Our ſiſter ſhall be
d now forthwith ſhall articles be drawn [Edward's.
uching the jointure that your King muſt make,
hich with her dowry ſhall be counterpois'd.
aw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witneſs,
at Bona ſhall be wife to th' Engliſh King.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the Engliſh King.
Queen. Deceitful Warwick, it was thy device
this alliance to make void my ſuit;
fore thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.
K. Lew. And ſtill is friend to him and Margaret.
t if your title to the crown be weak,
may appear by Edward's good ſucceſs,
en 'tis but reaſon, that I be releas'd
om giving aid, which late I promiſed.
t ſhall you have all kindneſs at my hand,
at your eſtate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his eaſe,
here having nothing, nothing can he loſe.
d as for you yourſelf, our *quondam* Queen,
u have a father able to maintain you;
d better 'twere you troubled him than France.
Queen. Peace, impudent and ſhameleſs Warwick, peace!
oud ſetter up and puller down of Kings!
will not hence, till with my talk and tears
oth full of truth) I make King Lewis behold
hy ſly conveyance *, and thy Lord's falſe love:
[*Poſt, blowing a horn within.*

* *By* conveyance *is here meant the art of a juggler, icks of legerdemain.*

For

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

SCENE VI. *Enter a Post.*

Post. My Lord Ambassador, these letters are for you [*To Warwi*

Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.
These from our King unto your Majesty.
[*To King* Lew
And, Madam, these for you; from whom I know not
[*To the Queen. They all read their lette*

Oxf I like it well, that our fair Queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were n
I hope all's for the best. [tle

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and your fair Queen?

Queen. Mine such as fills my heart with unhop'd joy

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your King marry'd the La
And now, to sooth your forgery and his, [Gray
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen I told your Majesty as much before.
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heav'n,
And by the hope I have of heav'nly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's:
No more my King; for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece *?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

* *Whom King Edward attempted in the Earl of Warwick's house.* Holingshed.

Sham

ame on himself, for my desert is honour!
id to repair my honour lost for him,
iere renounce him, and return to Henry.
y Noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
id henceforth I am thy true servitor:
vill revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
id replant Henry in his former state.
Queen. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to
id I forgive and quite forget old faults, [love,
id joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
iat if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
ith some few bands of chosen soldiers,
undertake to land them on our coast,
id force the tyrant from his seat by war.
is not his new-made bride shall succour him.
id, as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
:'s very likely now to fall from him,
r matching more for wanton lust than honour,
than for strength and safety of our country.
Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
it by thy help to this distressed Queen?
Queen Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
ıless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queen's, are one.
War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with your's.
K Lew. And mine with her's, and thine, and Mar-
herefore at last I firmly am resolv'd [garet's.
ou shall have a id.
Queen Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
nd tell false Edward, thy supposed King,
hat Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
o revel it with him and his new bride.
hou seest what's past, go fear thy King withal.
Bona Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
wear the willow garland for his sake.
Queen. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
nd I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;

And

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone.—— [*Exit Po*
K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thyself and Oxford with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this Noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock' bands.
Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion
Son Edward, she is fare and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it:
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* Warwic
K. Lew. Why stay we now? these soldiers shall be l
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral, [vy'
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt. Manet Warwic*
War. I came from Edward as Ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The palace in England.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, *and* Montague.

o. NOW tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
this new marriage with the Lady Gray?
ith not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas! you know 'tis far from hence to France:
ow could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.
ourish. *Enter King* Edward, *Lady* Gray *as Queen*, Pembroke, Stafford, *and* Hastings: *four stand on one side, and four on the other.*
Glo. And his well chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
K Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,
hat you stand pensive, as half malecontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or th' Earl of Warwick,
hich are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
hat they'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw Suppose they take offence without a cause,
hey are but Lewis and Warwick, and I am Edward,
our King and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you shall have your will, because our King,
et hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I; no: God forbid that I should wish
hem severed whom God hath join'd together:
ity to sunder them that yoke so well.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislikes aside,
ell me some reason, why the Lady Gray
hould not become my wife, and England's Queen?
nd you too, Somerset and Montague,
peak freely what you think.
Clar. Then, this is my opinion, that King Lewis
ecomes your enemy for mocking him

About

About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be a
By such invention as I can devise? [peas'

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such allianc
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with Franc

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable
And with their helps alone defend ourselves:
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserv
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and gran
And for this once my will shall stand for law

Glo And yet methinks your Grace hath not done wel
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride.
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Cla. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonvill on your new wife's son.
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee

Cla. In chusing for yourself, you shew'd your judg
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave [ment
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be King,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my state to title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;

And

l meaner than myſelf have had like fortune.
as this title honours me and mine,
your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
cloud my joys with danger and with ſorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
at danger or what ſorrow can befal thee,
ong as Edward is thy conſtant friend,
l their true Sovereign, whom they muſt obey?
, whom they ſhall obey, and love thee too,
eſs they ſeek for hatred at my hands:
ich if they do, yet will I keep thee ſafe;
l they ſhall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. I hear, yet ſay not much, but think the more.

SCENE II. *Enter a Poſt.*

K. Edw. Now, Meſſenger, what letters, or what news from France?
Poſt. My Sovereign Liege, no letters and few words;
ſuch as I (without your ſpecial pardon)
e not relate.
K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee.
ell their words, as near as thou canſt gueſs them.
at anſwer makes King Lewis to our letters?
Poſt At my depart, theſe were his very words:
tell falſe Edward, thy ſuppoſed King,
at Lewis of France is ſending over maſkers
revel it with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Lewis ſo brave? belike he thinks me Hen-
what ſaid Lady Bona to my marriage? [ry.
Poſt. Theſe were her words, utter'd with mild diſdain:
ll him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
wear the willow garland for his ſake.
K. Edw. I blame not her, ſhe could ſay little leſs;
had the wrong. But what ſaid Henry's Queen?
ſo I heard that ſhe was there in place.
Poſt. Tell him, (quoth ſhe), my mourning weeds are
d I am ready to put armour on. [done,
K. Edw. Belike ſhe means to play the Amazon.
what ſaid Warwick to theſe injuries?
Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Majeſty
an all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words:

Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
K. Edw. Ha! durſt the traitor breathe out ſo pro
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd. [word
They ſhall have wars and pay for their preſumption.
But ſay, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Poſt. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're ſo link'd friendſhip,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daught
Cla. Belike the younger; Clarence will have the eld
Now, brother King, farewel, and fit you faſt;
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourſelf.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit* Clarence, *and* Somerſet *follo*
Glo. Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter.
I ſtay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. [*A*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerſet both gone to W
Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen; [wic
And haſte is needful in this deſp'rate caſe.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war.
They are already, or will ſoon be landed.
Myſelf in perſon will ſtraight follow you.
[*Exeunt* Pembroke *and* Staff
But ere I go, Haſtings and Montague,
Reſolve my doubt: you twain of all the reſt,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance;
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be ſo, then both depart to him.
I rather wiſh you foes, than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me aſſurance with ſome friendly vow,
That I may never have you in ſuſpect.
Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Haſt. And Haſtings, as he favours Edward's cauſe!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you ſtand by
Glo. Ay, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
K. Edw. Why ſo, then am I ſure of victory.

ow therefore let us hence, and loſe no hour,
ill we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *In Warwickſhire.*

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford, *with* French *Soldiers.*

War. Truſt me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well;
he common people ſwarm by numbers to us.

Enter Clarence *and* Somerſet.

it ſee where Somerſet and Clarence come:
eak ſuddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?

Cla. Fear not that, my Lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
id welcome, Somerſet. I hold it cowardice
o reſt miſtruſtful, where a noble heart
ath pawn'd an open hand in ſign of love;
ſe might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
'ere but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
it welcome, friend, my daughter ſhall be thine.
id now what reſts, but in night's coverture,
hy brother being carleſsly incamp'd,
s ſoldiers lurking in the towns about,
id but attended by a ſimple guard,
'e may ſurpriſe and take him at our pleaſure?
ir ſcouts have found th' adventure very eaſy:
hat as Ulyſſes and ſtout Diomede
'ith ſleight and manhood ſtole to Rheſus' tents,
id brought from thence the Thracian fatal ſteeds;
we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
id ſeize himſelf. I ſay not, ſlaughter him:
or I intend but only to ſurpriſe him.
ou that will follow me to this attempt,
pplaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry,* Henry!

'hy then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort,
or Warwick and his friends, God and St George!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my maſters, each man take his
he King by this has ſet him down to ſleep. [ſtand:

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a ſolemn vo
Never to lie and take his natural reſt,
Till Warwick or himſelf be quite ſuppreſs'd.
2 *Watch.* To-morrow then belike ſhall be the day,
If Warwick be ſo near as men report.
3 *Watch.* But ſay, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the King here reſteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Haſtings, the King's chief
friend.
3 *Watch.* O, is it ſo? but why commands the King
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himſelf keeps here in the cold field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, becauſe the m
dangerous.
3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worſhip and quietneſs;
I like it better than a dang'rous honour.
If Warwick knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
1 *Watch.* Unleſs our halberds did ſhut up his paſſage
2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore elſe guard we this royal te
But to defend his perſon from night-foes?
Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet, *and* Fre
ſoldiers, ſilent all.
War. This is his tent; and ſee where ſtands his gua
Courage, my maſters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward ſhall be ours.
1 *Watch* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou dieſt.
[Warwick *and the reſt cry all,* Warwick! Warwic
and ſet upon the guard; who fly, crying, Arms! arm
Warwick *and the reſt following them.*
The drum beating, and trumpets ſounding.
Enter Warwick, Somerſet, *and the reſt, bringing*
King out in a gown, ſitting in a chair; Glouceſter
Haſtings *flying over the ſtage.*
Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Haſtings; let them go, here is t
Duke.

K. Ed

K. Edw. The Duke! why, Warwick, when we part-
ou call'dſt me King. [ed,
War. Ay, but the caſe is alter'd.
hen you diſgrac'd me in my ambaſſade,
ıen I degraded you from being King:
d come now to create you Duke of York.
as! how ſhould you govern any kingdom,
ıat know not how to uſe ambaſſadors,
ır how to be contented with one wife,
ır how to uſe your brothers brotherly,
ır how to ſtudy for the people's welfare,
ır how to ſhroud yourſelf from enemies?
K. Edw. Brother of Clarence, and art thou here too?
ıy, then I ſee that Edward needs muſt down.
t, Warwick, in deſpight of all miſchance,
thee thyſelf, and all thy complices,
ward will always bear himſelf as King.
ıough Fortune's malice overthrow my ſtate,
y mind exceeds the compaſs of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's
King; [*Takes off his crown.*
ıt Henry now ſhall wear the Engliſh crown,
ıd be true King indeed; thou but a ſhadow.
y Lord of Somerſet, at my requeſt,
e that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
ıto my brother, Archbiſhop of York.
'hen I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
l follow you, and tell you what reply
ewis and Lady Bona ſent to him.
ow for a while farewel, good Duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impoſe, that men muſt needs
boots not to reſiſt both wind and tide. [abide:
[*Exit King* Edward *led out forcibly.*
Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
ut march to London with our ſoldiers?
War. Ay, that's the firſt thing that we have to do,
'o free King Henry from impriſonment,
nd ſee him ſeated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The palace.*

Enter Rivers, *and the Queen*

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this ſudden change
Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune has befall'n King Edward?
Riv. What! loſs of ſome pitch'd battle againſt Warwick?
Queen. No, but the loſs of his own royal perſon.
Riv. Then is my Sovereign ſlain?
Queen. Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken priſoner;
Either betray'd by falſehood of his guard,
Or by his foe ſurpris'd at unawares;
And, as I further have to underſtand,
Is now committed to the Biſhop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious, Madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.
Queen. Till then fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb.
This is't that makes me bridle in my paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs.
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
Leſt with my ſighs or tears I blaſt or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' Engliſh crown.
Riv. But, Madam, where is Warwick then become?
Queen. I am inform'd that he comes towards London
To ſet the crown once more on Henry's head.
Gueſs thou the reſt, King Edward's friends muſt down.
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For truſt not him that once hath broken faith),
I'll hence forthwith unto the ſanctuary,
To ſave at leaſt the heir of Edward's right.
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

A park near Middleham-caſtle in Yorkſhire.

nter Glouceſter, *Lord* Haſtings, *and Sir* William Stanley.

Glo. Now, my Lord Haſtings, and Sir William Stanley,
eave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
nto the chiefeſt thicket of the park.
'hus ſtands the caſe: You know our King, my brother,
pris'ner to the Biſhop, at whoſe hands
le hath good uſage and great liberty;
nd often but attended with weak guard,
omes hunting this way to diſport himſelf.
have advertis'd him by ſecret means,
'hat if about this hour he make this way,
nder the colour of his uſual game,
le ſhall here find his friends with horſe and men,
'o ſet him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, *and a Huntſman with him.*

Hunt. This way, my Lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; ſee where the huntſmen ſtand.
low, brother Glo'ſter, Haſtings, and the reſt,
tand you thus cloſe to ſteal the biſhop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and caſe requireth haſte,
'our horſe ſtands ready here at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither ſhall we then?

Haſt. To Lynn, my Lord,
nd ſhip from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well gueſs'd, believe me, for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſs.

Glo. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do ſo, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Biſhop, farewel; ſhield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repoſſeſs the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Tower in Londo*

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerſet, *your* Richmond, Oxford, Montague, *and Lieutenant of t Tower.*

K. Henry Mr Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have ſhaken Edward from the regal ſeat,
And turn'd my captive ſtate to liberty,
My fear to hope, my ſorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieut. Subjects may challenge nothing of their ſove
But if an humble prayer may prevail, [reign
I then crave pardon of your Majeſty.

K. Henry. For what, Lieutenant? for well uſing me
Nay, be thou ſure, I'll well requite thy kindneſs;
For that it made my impriſonment a pleaſure;
Ay, ſuch a pleaſure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At laſt, by notes of houſehold-harmony,
They quite forget their loſs of liberty.
But, Warwick after God, thou ſett'ſt me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee.
He was the author, thou the inſtrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortune's ſpight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this bleſſed land
May not be puniſh'd with my thwarting ſtars,
Warwick, although my head ſtill wear the crown,
I here reſign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace has ſtill been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may ſeem as wiſe as virtuous,
By ſpying and avoiding Fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the ſtars;
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chuſing me, when Clarence is in place.

Cla. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the ſway,
To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be bleſs'd in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free conſent

War.

War. And I chuſe Clarence only for Protector.
K. Henry. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no diſſenſion hinder government.
I make you both Protectors of this land,
While I myſelf will lead a private life;
And in devotion ſpend my latter days,
To ſin's rebuke and my Creator's praiſe.
War. What anſwers Clarence to his Sovereign's will?
Cla. That he conſents, if Warwick yield conſent;
For on thy fortune I repoſe myſelf.
War. Why then, though loth, yet muſt I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double ſhadow
To Henry's body, and ſupply his place;
I mean in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his eaſe.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiſcated.
Cla. What elſe? and that ſucceſſion be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein Clarence ſhall not want his part.
K. Henry. But with the firſt of all our chief affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your Queen, and my ſon Edward,
Be ſent for, to return from France with ſpeed.
For till I ſee them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Cla. It ſhall be done, my Sovereign, with all ſpeed.
K. Henry. My Lord of Somerſet, what youth is that
Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?
Som My Liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond,
K. Henry. Come hither, England's hope: if ſecret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggeſt but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliſs.
His looks are full of peaceful majeſty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a ſceptre, and himſelf
Likely in time to bleſs a regal throne.

Make

Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Muſt help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Poſt.

War. What news, my friend?

Poſt. That Edward is eſcaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears ſince, to Burgundy.

War. Unſavoury news; but how made he eſcape?

Poſt. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Glo'ſter,
And the Lord Haſtings, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh on the foreſt-ſide,
And from the Biſhop's huntſmen reſcu'd him:
For hunting was his daily exerciſe.

War. My brother was too careleſs of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sov'reign, to provide
A ſalve for any ſore that may betide. [*Exeunt*

Manent Somerſet, Richmond, *and* Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For, doubtleſs, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we ſhall have more wars before't be long.
As Henry's late preſaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond;
So doth my heart miſgive me, in theſe conflicts
What may befal him, to his harm and ours.
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worſt,
Forthwith we'll ſend him hence to Britany,
Till ſtorms be paſt of civil enmity.

Oxf Ay; for if Edward repoſſeſs the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the reſt ſhall down.

Som. It ſhall be ſo; he ſhall to Britany.
Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to York.*

Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Haſtings, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Haſtings, and the reſt,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends;
And ſays, that once more I ſhall interchange
My wained ſtate for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we paſs'd, and now repaſs'd the ſeas,
And brought deſired help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenſpurg, before the gates of York,

it that we enter as into our dukedom ?
Glo. The gates made fast ! brother, I like not this.
or many men that stumble at the threshold,
e well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tush ! man, aboadments must not now af-
fair or foul means we must enter in, [fright us :
or hither will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.
Enter on the walls the Mayor of York, *and his brethren.*
Mayor. My Lords, we were forewarned of your co-
nd shut the gates for safety of ourselves; [ming,
or now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K Edw. But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your King,
et Edward at the least is Duke of York.
Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my duke-
; being well content with that alone. [dom,
Glo But when the fox has once got in his nose,
e'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*
Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
pen the gates, we are King Henry's friends.
Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*He descends.*
Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon !
Hast The good old man would fain that all were well,
'twere not long of him ; but being enter'd,
doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
oth him and all his brothers unto reason.
Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.
K. Edw. So, Master Mayor ; these gates must not be
ut in the night, or in the time of war. [shut
What? fear not, man ; but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
or Edward will defend the town and thee,
nd all those friends that deign to follow me.
March. Enter Montgomery, *with Drum and Soldiers.*
Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you
arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of ſtorm,
As every loyal ſubject ought to do.

K. Edw Thanks, good Montgom'ry: but we no
Our title to the crown, and only claim [forg
Our dukedom, till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.

Mont. Then fare you well: for I will hence again;
I came to ſerve a King, and not a Duke.
Drummer, ſtrike up, and let us march away.

[*The drum begins a marc*

K. Edw. Nay ſtay, Sir John, a while; and we'll d
By what ſafe means the crown may be recover'd. [bat

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not hear proclaim yourſelf our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to ſuccour you.
Why ſhall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore ſtand you on nic
points?

K. Edw. When we grow ſtronger, then we'll make ou
claim:
Till then 'tis wiſdom to conceal our meaning.

Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous wit, now arms muſt rul

Glo. And fearleſs minds climb ſooneſt unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The fruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but uſurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sovereign ſpeaketh like himſelf:
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Haſt. Sound trumpet, Edward ſhall be here proclaim'd
Come, fellow-ſoldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flouriſh*

Sold. *Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King o
England, and France, and Lord of Ireland,* &c.

Mont. And whoſoe'er gainſays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight,

[*Throws down his gauntlet*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks to all.
Fortune ſerve me, I'll requite this kindneſs.
ow, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
nd when the morning ſun ſhall raiſe his car
bove the border of this horizon,
/e'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
or well I wot that Henry is no ſoldier.
h, froward Clarence, evil it beſeems thee
o flatter Henry, and forſake thy brother!
et as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
ome on, brave ſoldiers, doubt not of the day:
nd, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Changes again to London.*

nter King Henry, Exeter, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, *and* Somerſet.

War. What counſel, Lords? Edward from Belgia,
/ith haſty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
ath paſs'd in ſafety throw the narrow ſeas,
nd with his troops doth march amain to London,
nd many giddy people flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
/hich being ſuffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickſhire I have true-hearted friends,
ot mutinous in peace. yet bold in war,
hoſe will I muſter up; and thou, ſon Clarence,
alt ſtir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
he knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
hou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
orthampton, and in Leiceſterſhire, ſhall find
en well inclin'd to hear what thou command'ſt.
nd thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
n Oxfordſhire ſhalt muſter up thy friends.
y Sov'reign, with the loving citizens,
ike to his iſland girt with th' ocean,
r modeſt Dian circled with her nymphs),
hall reſt in London till we come to him.
air Lords, take leave, and ſtand not to reply.
arewel, my Sovereign.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's tr
hope.

Clar. In ſign of truth, I kiſs your Highneſs' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and ſo I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I ſeal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

War. Farewel, ſweet Lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeun*

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I reſt a while.
Couſin of Exeter, what thinks your Lordſhip?
Methinks the pow'r that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my deed hath got m
I have not ſtopt mine ears to their demands, [fame
Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſs'd them with great ſubſidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why ſhould they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, theſe graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never ceaſe to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaſter! a Lancaſter!

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what ſhouts are theſe?

Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, *&c. with ſoldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the ſhame-fac'd Henry, bear him
And once again proclaim us King of England. [hence,
You are the fount that make ſmall brooks to flow;
Now ſtops thy ſpring, my ſea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tow'r, let him not ſpeak.

[*Ex. with King* Henry.

And, Lords, to Coventry bend we our courſe,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.

The

he ſun ſhines hot; and if we uſe delay,
old biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join;
nd take the great-grown traitor unawares:
ave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the town of Coventry.

nter Warwick, *the Mayor of* Coventry, *two Meſſengers, and others, upon the walls.*

ar. WHere is the poſt that came from valiant Oxford?
ow far hence is thy Lord, mine honeſt fellow?
1 *Meſſ.* By this at Dunſmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the poſt that came from Montague?
2 *Meſſ.* By this at Daintry, with a puiſſant troop.
Enter Somerville.
War. Say, Somerville, what ſays my loving ſon?
nd by thy gueſs how nigh is Clarence now?
Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
nd do expect him here ſome two hours hence.
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
Somerv. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lies:
he drum your Honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who ſhould that be? belike unlook'd-for friends.
Somerv. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.
larch. *Flouriſh.* *Enter King* Edward, Glouceſter, *and Soldiers.*
K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and ſound a parley.
Glo. See how the ſurly Warwick mans the wall.
War. Oh, unbid ſpight! is ſportful Edward come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
peak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
all Edward King, and at his hands beg mercy?

And he ſhall pardon thee theſe outrages.
War. Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſs who ſet thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou ſhalt ſtill remain the Duke of York.
Glo. I thought at leaſt he wou'd have ſaid the King;
Or did he make the jeſt againſt his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee ſervice for ſo good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick' gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for ſo great a weight:
And, weakling! Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my King, Warwick his ſubject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's King is Edward's priſoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but anſwer this,
What is the body when the head is off?
Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more fore-caſt,
But while he thought to ſteal the ſingle ten,
The King was ſlily finger'd from the deck.
You left poor Henry at the Biſhop's palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even ſo, yet you are Warwick ſtill.
Glo. Come Warwick, take the time, kneel down, knee down:
Nay, when? ſtrike now, or elſe the iron cools.
War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear ſo low a ſail to ſtrike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canſt, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, faſt wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this ſentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

SCENE II. *Enter* Oxford, *with drum and colours.*

War. O chearful colours! ſee where Oxford comes.
Oxf. Oxford! Oxford! for Lancaſter!

Glo

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K Edw. So other foes may ſet upon our backs.
tand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Vill iſſue out again, and bid us battle;
f not, the city being of ſmall defence,
Ve'll quickly rouſe the traitors in the ſame.
War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.
Enter Montague, *with drum and colours.*
Mont. Montague! Montague! for Lancaſter.
Glo. Thou, and thy brother both, ſhall buy this treaſon
v'n with the deareſt blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
ly mind preſageth happy gain and conqueſt.
Enter Somerſet, *with drum and colours.*
Som. Somerſet! Somerſet! for Lancaſter.
Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerſet,
lave ſold their lives unto the houſe of York;
nd thou ſhalt be the third, if this ſword hold.
Enter Clarence, *with drum and colours.*
War. And lo, where George of Clarence ſweeps along,
f force enough to bid his brother battle:
Vith whom an upright zeal to right prevails
lore than the nature of a brother's love.
ome, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick call.——
[*A parley is ſounded*; Richard *and* Clarence *whiſper together*; *and then* Clarence *takes his red roſe out of his hat, and throws it at* Warwick.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
ook here, I throw my infamy at thee.
will not ruinate my father's houſe,
Vho gave his blood to lime the ſtones together),
nd ſet up Lancaſter. Why, trow'ſt thou, Warwick,
hat Clarence is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, unnatural,
o bend the fatal inſtruments of war
gainſt his brother, and his lawful King?
erhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
o keep that oath were more impiety,
han Jephthah's when he ſacrific'd his daughter.
am ſo ſorry for my treſpaſs made,
hat, to deſerve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad),
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults;
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence, this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence;
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
Lords, to the field; St George and victory! [*Exeunt*

[*March.* Warwick *and his company follow*

SCENE III. *A field of battle near Barnet*

Alarum and excursions. Enter Edward, *bringing forth* Warwick *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shews
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,

nd kept low ſhrubs from Winter's pow'rful wind.
heſe eyes that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
ave been as piercing as the mid day ſun,
o ſearch the ſecret treaſons of the world.
he wrinkles in my brow now fill'd with blood,
Vere lik'ned oft to kingly ſepulchres:
or who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
nd who durſt ſmile when Warwick bent his brow?
o! now my glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood,
Iy parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
ven now forſake me; and of all my lands
s nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and duſt?
And live we how we can, yet die we muſt.

Enter Oxford *and* Somerſet.

Som. Ah! Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loſs again:
The Queen from France hath brought a puiſſant pow'r;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, cou'dſt thou fly!
War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, ſweet brother take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my ſoul a while.
Thou lov'ſt me not; for, brother, if thou didſt,
Thy tears would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me ſpeak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſp cry'd out for Warwick:
And ſaid, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be diſtinguiſh'd; but at laſt
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewel, Warwick! —
War. Sweetly reſt his ſoul!
Fly, Lords, and ſave yourſelves; for Warwick bids
You all farewel, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.

[*They bear away his body, and exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to another part of the field.

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward *in triumph; with* Glo
ceſter, Clarence, *and the reſt.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward courſ
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midſt of this bright-ſhining day,
I ſpy a black, ſuſpicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious ſun,
Ere he attain his eaſeful weſtern bed:
I mean, my Lords, thoſe powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coaſt,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will ſoon diſperſe that cloud,
And blow it to the ſource from whence it came.
Thy very beams will dry thoſe vapours up;
For every cloud ingenders not a ſtorm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thouſand ſtrong,
And Somerſet, with Oxford, fled to her.
If ſhe hath time to breathe, be well aſſur'd,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

K Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe tow'rd Tewkſbury.
We having now the beſt at Barnet field,
Will thither ſtraight; for willingneſs rids way:
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented
In every county as we go along:
Strike up the drum, cry, Courage! and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to Tewksbury.*

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerſet,
Oxford, *and Soldiers.*

Queen. Great Lords, wiſe men ne'er ſit and wail their [loſs,
But chearly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
What though the maſt be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor loſt,
And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot ſtill. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much;

While

While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor, what of that!
And Montague our top mast, what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the tackle, what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings still?
And though unskillful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skillful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course (though the rough wind say, No)
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck:
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim, alas, 'tis but a while;
Tread on the sand, why, there you quickly sink;
Bestride the rock, the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, Lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, (as God forbid!),
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage! —
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
Oh, brave young Prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long mayst thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, Lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less; it is his policy,
To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

SCENE VI.

March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which by the heav'n's assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fewel to your fire,
(For well I wot ye blaze), to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, Lords.

Queen Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: Henry your Sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Alarum.

Alarum. Retreat. Excurſions. Both parties go out.
Re-enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence, *&c. The Queen*, Oxford, *and* Somerſet, *priſoners.*

K. Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes caſtle ſtraight:
For Somerſet, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them ſpeak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt.*

Queen. So part we ſadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in ſweet Jeruſalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward,
ſhall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is, and lo! where youthful Edward comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him ſpeak.
What? can ſo young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing arms, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a ſubject, proud ambitious York.
Suppoſe that I am now my father's mouth;
Reſign thy chair; and, where I ſtand, kneel thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldſt have me anſwer to.

Queen. Ah! that thy father had been ſo reſolv'd!

Glo. That you might ſtill have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have ſtoll'n the breech from Lancaſter.

Prince. Let Æſop fable in a winter's night;
His curriſh riddles ſort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou waſt born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's ſake, take away this captive ſcold.

Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you're undutiful:
Laſcivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,

And

And thou miſ-ſhapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou uſurp'ſt my father's right and mine.

Glo. Take that, thou likeneſs of this railer here.
[*Stabs hi*

K. Edw. And take thou that, to end thy agony.
[Edward *ſtabs hi*

Cla. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Clarence *ſtabs hi*

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and ſhall.——— [*Offers to kill h*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done t
much.

Glo. Why ſhould ſhe live, to fill the world wi
words?

K. Edw. What? doth ſhe ſwoon? uſe means for h
recov'ry.

Glo. Clarence, excuſe me to the King my brother:
I'll hence to London on a ſerious matter.
Ere ye come there, be ſure to hear ſome news.

Cla. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower! —— I'll ro
'em out. [*Exi*

Queen. Oh Ned, ſweet Ned! ſpeak to thy mothe
Canſt thou not ſpeak? O traitors, murderers! [bo
They that ſtabb'd Cæſar, ſhed no blood at all,
Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it.
He was a man; this (in reſpect) a child;
And men ne'er ſpend their fury on a child.
What's worſe than murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burſt, and if I ſpeak——
And I will ſpeak, that ſo my heart may burſt.
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals,
How ſweet a plant have you untimely cropt!
You have no children. Butchers, if you had,
The thought of them would have ſtirr'd up remorſe;
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him ſo cut off;
As, deathſmen! you have rid this ſweet young prince.

K. Edw

K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.
Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, diſpatch me here:
ere ſheath thy ſword, I'll pardon thee my death.
/hat? wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.
Queen. Good Clarence, do; ſweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Didſt thou not hear me ſwear I would not do it?
Queen. Ay, but thou uſeſt to forſwear thyſelf:
'was ſin before, but now 'tis charity.
/hat, wilt thou not? Where is that devil-butcher,
ichard? hard-favour'd Richard, where art thou?
hou art not here: murther is thy alms-deed.
etitioner for blood thou ne'er put'ſt back.
K. Edw. Away, I ſay; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit Queen.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?
Clar. To London all in poſt, and, as I gueſs,
o make a bloody ſupper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He's ſudden, if a thing comes in his head.
ow march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort
/ith pay and thanks; and let's away to London,
nd ſee our gentle Queen, how well ſhe fares;
y this I hope ſhe hath a ſon for me. [*Exeunt.*

C E N E VII. *Changes to the Tower of London.*

nter King Henry *and* Glouceſter, *with the Lieutenant on the* Tower *walls.*

Glo. Good day, my Lord; what! at your book ſo hard?
K. Henry. Ay, my good Lord; my Lord, I ſhould ſay
'is ſin to flatter, good was little better: [rather;
ood Glo'ſter, and good devil, were alike.
nd both prepoſt'rous; therefore, not good Lord.
Glo. Sir, leave us to ourſelves, we muſt confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Henry. So flies the reckleſs ſhepherd from the wolf,
o firſt the harmleſs flock doth yield his fleece,
nd next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
/hat ſcene of death hath Richard now to act?

Glo. Suſpicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each buſh an officer.
K. Henry. The bird that hath been limed in a buſh,
With trembling wings miſdoubteth ev'ry buſh;
And I, the hapleſs male to one ſweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill
Glo. Why, what a peeviſh fool was that of Crete,
That taught his ſon the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. Henry. I, Dedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos that deny'd our courſe;
The ſun, that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyſelf, the ſea,
Whoſe envious gulph did ſwallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words:
My breaſt can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic hiſtory.
But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my life?
Glo. Think'ſt thou I am an executioner?
K. Henry. A perſecutor I am ſure thou art.
If murth'ring innocents be executing,
Why then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy ſon I kill'd for his preſumption.
K. Henry. Hadſt thou been kill'd when firſt thou did preſume,
Thou hadſt not liv'd to kill a ſon of mine.
And thus I propheſy, that many a thouſand
Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's ſigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water ſtanding eye,
(Men for their ſons, wives for their huſbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeleſs death),
Shall rue the hour that ever thou waſt born.
The owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign;
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckleſs tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempeſt ſhook down trees;
The raven croak'd hoarſe on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in diſmal diſcord ſung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth leſs than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigeſted deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree.
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt born,
To ſignify thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt into the world with thy legs forward.

Glo. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy ſpeech:
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongſt the reſt, was I ordain'd.

K Henry. Ay, and for much more ſlaughter after this——

O God! forgive my ſins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What! will th' aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my ſword weeps for the poor King's death!
O may ſuch purple tears be always ſhed,
From thoſe who wiſh the downfal of our houſe!
If any ſpark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.——
Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of:
For I have often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reaſon, think ye, to make haſte,
And ſeek their ruin that uſurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
O, Jeſus bleſs us, he is born with teeth!
And ſo I was; which plainly ſignify'd
That I ſhould ſnarle, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, ſince the heav'ns have ſhap'd my body ſo,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to anſwer it.
I had no father, I am like no father;
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word *love*, which grey-beards call divine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me! I am myſelf alone. ——
Clarence, beware; thou keep'ſt me from the light;
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:

For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his son, are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room;
And triumph, Henry! in the day of doom. [*Ex*

SCENE VIII. *The palace in London*

Enter King Edward, *Queen*, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, *Nurse, and Attendants.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit on England's royal thron
Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions.
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands, two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montagu
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus we have swept Suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of Security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd, so thick, to heave; } [*Aside*
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back;
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

[*Pointing to his heat*

K. Edw. Clarence and Glo'ster, love my lovely Queen

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Cla. The duty that I owe your Majesty,
Seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, Noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.——
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cry'd, All hail! when as he meant all harm } [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Cla. What will your Grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time.
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets; farewel, sour Annoy!
For here I hope begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The Life and Death of KING RICHARD III

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD IV.

Edward *Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward* V. } *sons to Edw.* IV.

Richard *Duke of York* }

George *Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward* IV.

Richard *Duke of Glouceſter, brother to Edward* IV *afterwards King Richard* III

Cardinal, Archbiſhop of York.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk.

Earl of Surry.

Marquis of Dorſet, *ſon to Queen Eliſabeth.*

Earl Rivers, *brother to Q. Eliſabeth.*

Lord Gray, *ſon to Q. Eliſabeth*

Earl of Richmond, *afterwards King Henry* VII.

Biſhop of Ely.

Lord Haſtings.

Sir Thomas Vaughan, *a friend to the Q.'s family*

Sir Richard Ratcliff, } *friends to the Duke of Glouceſter.*

Lord Lovel, }

Cateſby, }

r James Tyrrel, *a villain*

homas *Lord Stanly, Lor Steward of K. Edw.* IV.'s *houſehold, afterwards E. of Derby*

E. of Oxford, }

Blount, } *friends to the*

Herbert, } *Earl of Rich-*

Sir William Brandon. } *mond.*

Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

Two children of the Duke of Clarence.

Lord Mayor.

Sir Chriſtopher Urſwick, *a prieſt, and chaplain to the Counteſs of Richmond.*

Eliſabeth, *Q. of Edw.* IV.

Queen Margaret, *widow of Henry* VI.

Anne, *widow of Edward Pr. of Wales, ſon to Henry* VI. *afterwards married to the Duke of Glouceſter.*

Ducheſs of York, *mother to Edward* IV. *Clarence, and Richard* III

Sheriff, Purſuivant, Citizens, Ghoſts of thoſe murdered by Rich. III. *with Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE in England.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court.

Enter Richard *Duke of* Glouceſter *ſolus.*

Glo. NOW is the winter of our diſcontent
Made glorious ſummer by this ſun of York;
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our houſe,
In the deep boſom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruiſed arms hung up for monuments,
Our ſtern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd War hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds
To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glaſs; ——
I, that am rudely ſtamp'd, and want love's majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling * Nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, ſcarce half made up:
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionably,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weak piping time of peace)
Have no delight to paſs away the time,
Unleſs to ſpy my ſhadow in the ſun,
And deſcant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe days.

* *By* diſſembling *is not meant* hypocritical *nature, that pretends one thing and does another; but nature that puts together things of a diſſimilar kind, as a brave ſoul and a deformed body.*

Plots

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says, that *G*
Of Edward's heirs the murtherer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence *guarded, and* Brakenbury.

Brother, good day; what means this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majesty.
Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is *George*.

Glo. Alack, my Lord, that fault is none of your's:
He should for that commit your godfathers.
Belike his Majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christened in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence, may I know?

Clar Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not; but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row plucks the letter *G*;
And says a wizard told him, that by *G*
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of *George* begins with *G*,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glo Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.
'T s not the King that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempts him to this harsh extremity
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower?

From

From whence this day he is delivered.
We are not safe; Clarence, we are not safe.
Clar. By Heav'n, I think there is no man secure
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds,
That trudge between the King and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; —— I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery.
The jealous o'erworn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.
Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majesty has straitly giv'n in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.
Glo. Ev'n so, an't please your Worship Brakenbury!
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man—— we say the King
Is wise and virtuous; and his Noble Queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not over-jealous——
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue:
That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folk,
How say you Sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my Lord myself have nought to do.
Glo. What, fellow? nought to do with Mistress Shore?
I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly.
Brak. What one, my Lord?
Glo. Her husband, knave — wouldst thou betray me?
Brak I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
And to forbear your conf'rence with the Duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewel; I will unto the King,

And

And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
(Were it to call King Edward's widow sister),
I will perform it to infranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace of brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you.
Mean time have patience.
Clar. I must perforce, farewel. [*Exe.* Brak. Clar.
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return:
Simple, plain Clarence! —— I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heav'n,
If heav'n will take the present at my hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, Noble Lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hast. More pity that the Eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy;
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by St Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?
Hast. He is, my Lord.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* Hastings.

He

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die.
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heav'n.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
Which I, by marrying her, must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Changes to a street.*

Enter the corse of Henry *the Sixth, with halberts to guard it,* *Lady* Anne *being the mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a herse;
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor clay-cold figure of a holy King!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be't lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son;
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds.
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Curs'd be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Curs'd be the heart that had the heart to do it!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,

Or

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view:
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young Lord and thee!
Come now tow'rds Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there.
And still, as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, while I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter Richard *Duke of* Gloucester.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse, or, by St Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gen. My Lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command!
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by St Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not, for you are mortal;
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body;
His soul thou canst not hurt; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curs'd.

Anne. Foul dev'l! for God's sake hence, trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell;
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Oh, gentlemen, see! see dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood.

From

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,
Provoke this deluge most unnatural.
O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death:
O Earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death.
Or, Heav'n, with lightning strike the murd'rer dead,
Or, Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!——

Glo. More wonderful when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despai I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st. Queen Marg'ret saw
Thy murd'rous faulchion smoking in his blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,

That laid their guilt upon my guiltleſs ſhoulders.
Anne. Thou waſt provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'd on aught but butcheries.
Didſt thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Doſt grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant n
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deed! [t
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.——
Glo. The fitter for the king of heav'n that hath hin
Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou ſhalt never com
Glo. Let him thank me that help'd to ſend him th
For he was fitter for that place than earth. [ther
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place elſe, if you will hear me name i
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt!
Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo.——But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method:
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſs deaths
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurs'd effect†
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your ſweet boſom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
Theſe nails ſhould rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. Theſe eyes could not endure ſweet beauty's
Thou ſhould not blemiſh it if I ſtood by. [wreck.
As all the world is cheered by the ſun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life. [life!
Anne. Black night o'erſhade thy day, and death thy
Glo. Curſe not thyſelf, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

† *Effect for executioner.*

Glo.

Glo. It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
o be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a qua rel juſt and rcaſonable,
o be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy husband,
id it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo He lives that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The ſelf-ſame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here. Why doſt thou ſpit at me?
[*She ſpits at him.*
Anne. Would it were mortal poiſon for thy ſake!
Glo. Never came poiſon from ſo ſweet a place.
Anne. Never hang poiſon on a fouler toad.
)ut of my ſight! thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, ſweet Lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were baſilisks to ſtrike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.
Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt tears;
Sham'd their aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful tear,
Not when my father York, and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford ſhook his ſword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my father's death,
And twenty times made pauſe to ſob and weep,
That all the ſtanders-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedaſh'd with rain: in that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorn an humble tear:
And what theſe ſorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn ſweet ſmoothing words;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him*
Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
For kissing, Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee
[*He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause: for I did kill King Henry;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch: 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;
But 'twas thy heav'nly face that set me on.
[*She drops the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men I hope live so.

Glo. Vouchafe to wear this ring.
Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Ev'n so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And

And if thy poor devoted ſuppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirm his happineſs for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may pleaſe you leave theſe ſad deſigns
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,
And preſently repair to Croſby-place;†
Where, after I have ſolemnly interr'd
At Chertſey monaſt'ry this Noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty ſee you.
For divers unknown reaſons I beſeech you
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Traſſel and Barkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewel.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deſerve:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have ſaid farewel already.

[*Exeunt two with* Anne.

Glo. Sirs, take up the corſe.

Gent. Towards Chertſey, Noble Lord?

Glo. No, to White-friars, there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt with the corſe.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her——but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband and his father!
To take her in her heart's extremeſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſs of my hatred by;
With God, her conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I no friends to back my ſuit withal,
But the plain devil, and diſſembling looks;
And yet to win her—All the world to nothing!
Ha!

† *A houſe near Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, belonging to the Duke of Glouceſter.*

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, some three months since
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature.
Young, wise, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:——
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier.
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I have crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow into his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit*

SCENE III. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter the Queen, and Lords Rivers, Gray, *and* Dorset.

Riv. Have patience, madam, there's no doubt his
Will soon recover his accustom'd health. [Majesty

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The heav'ns have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Glo'ster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you,

Riv.

Riv. It is concluded he ſhall be Protector.
Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded †, yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham *and* Stanley.

Gray. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.
Buck. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace!
Stanley. God make your Majeſty joyful as you have been!
Queen. The Counteſs Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,
To your good pray'r will ſcarcely ſay Amen;
Yet, Stanley, notwithſtanding ſhe's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stanley. I do beſeech you, either not believe
The envious ſlanders of her falſe accuſers:
Or, if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakneſs; which I think proceeds
From wayward ſickneſs, and no grounded malice.
Queen. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Stanley?
Stanley. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from viſiting his majeſty.
Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace ſpeaks chearfully.
Queen. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?
Buck. Madam, we did. He ſeeks to make atonement
Between the Duke of Glo'ſter and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And ſent to warn them to his royal preſence.
Queen. 'Would all were well—but that will never be—
I fear our happineſs is at the height.

Enter Glouceſter *and* Haſtings.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complain unto the King,
That I, forſooth, am ſtern, and love them not?

† Determined *ſignifies the final concluſion of the will*; concluded, *what cannot be alter'd, by reaſon of ſome act conſequent on the final judgment.*

By

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such diſſentious rumours.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in mens' faces, ſmooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods, and apiſh courteſy,
I muſt be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd
By ſilken, ſly, inſinuating jacks? [Grace?
Gray. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your
Glo. To thee, that haſt nor honeſty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal perſon,
Whom God preſerve better than you would wiſh,
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Queen. Brother of Glo'ſter, you miſtake the matter.
The King of his own royal diſpoſition,
And not provok'd by any ſuitor elſe,
(Aiming belike at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action ſhews itſelf
Againſt my children, brother, and myſelf,)
Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground
Of your ill-will, and thereby may remove it.
Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown ſo bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Since every jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a jack.
Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
You envy my advancement and my friends: [Glo'ſter.
God grant we never may have need of you!
Glo. Mean time, God grants that we have need of
Our brother is impriſon'd by your means, [you.
Myſelf diſgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble thoſe,
That ſcarce, ſome two days ſince, were worth a noble.
Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,

never did incenſe his Majeſty
Againſt the Duke of Clarence; but have been
An earneſt advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhameful injury,
Falſely to draw me in theſe wild ſuſpects.
Glo. You may deny too that you were the cauſe
Of my Lord Haſtings' late impriſonment.
Riv. She may, my Lord, for——
Glo. She may, Lord Rivers—why, who knows not
She may do more, Sir, than denying that: [ſo?
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may—ay, marry, may ſhe—
Riv. What, marry, may ſhe?
Glo. What, marry, may ſhe? marry with a King,
A batchelor, a handſome ſtripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worſer match.——
Queen. My Lord of Glo'ſter, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffs:
By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majeſty
Of thoſe groſs taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country ſervant maid,
Than a great Queen with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorn'd, and baited at.
Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

SCENE IV. *Enter Queen Margaret.*

Q. Mar. And leſſen'd be that ſmall, God, I beſeech
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeat is due to me. [thee!
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him, and ſpare not: look, what I have ſaid,
I will avouch in preſence of the King:
'Tis time to ſpeak, my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. No, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'd'ſt my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor ſon, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband King
I was a pack-horſe in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adverſaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To

To royalize his blood, I spilt my own.
Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.
Glo. In all which time you and your husband Gray
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you;——was not your husband,
In Marg'ret's battle, at St. Alban's, slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are:
Withal what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murth'rous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself, (which Jesu pardon!—)
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!—
Glo. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My Lord of Glo'ster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our lawful King;
So should we you, if you should be our King;
Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof.
Queen. As little joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy were you this country's King;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient,
Hear me, ye wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which ye have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that, I being Queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?
Ungentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd.
That will I make before I let thee go.
A husband and a ſon thou ow'ſt to me; [*To Glo.*
And thou, a kingdom; all of you, allegiance.
[*To the Queen.*
The ſorrow that I have, by right is your's;
And all the pleaſures you uſurp, are mine.

Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy ſcorns drew'ſt rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultleſs blood of pretty Rutland;
His curſes, then from bitterneſs of ſoul
Denounc'd againſt thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So juſt is God, to right the innocent.

Haſt. O 'twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſs that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themſelves wept when it was reported.

Dorſ. No man but propheſy revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then preſent, wept to ſee it.

Q. Mar. What! were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curſe prevail ſo much with heav'n,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loſs, my woeful baniſhment,
Could all but anſwer for that peeviſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curſes!
If not by war, by ſurfeit die your King,
As ours by murther, to make him a King!
Edward thy ſon, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our ſon, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyſelf a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Outlive thy glory like my wretched ſelf!
Long may'ſt thou live to wail thy childrens' loſs,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine!

Long

Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
By some unlook'd-for accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heav'ns have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe;
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul;
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou wrack of honour, thou detested——

Glo. Margaret.——

Q. Mar. Richard.——

Glo. Ha?——

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
Oh, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. [yourself.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against

Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider, [fortune!

Whose

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself:
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me,
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience. [mine.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd
Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my subjects:
O serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.
Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, Master Marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquis.
Dors. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.
Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,
Our ai'ry buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your ai'ry buildeth in our ai'ry's nest:
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, so be it lost!
Buck. Peace, peace for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:

Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood;
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel;
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day;
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Marg'ret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*
Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine; I wonder she's at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.
Dorf. I never did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the 'vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,

And

And for your Grace, and you, my noble Lord.
Queen. Catesby, we come; Lords, will you go with us?
Riv. Madam, we will attend your Grace.
[*Exeunt all but* Gloucester.
Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls,
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now, they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Gray.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.
Enter two villains.
But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my handy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?
1 *Vil.* We are, my Lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to Crosby place.
But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
2 *Vil.* Fear not, my Lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears.
I like you, lads; about your business; go.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Tower.*

Enter Clarence *and* Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

So full of ugly ſights, of ghaſtly dreams,
That, as I am a Chriſtian faithful man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of diſmal terror was the time. [tell me
Brak. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was imbark'd to croſs to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ſter;
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaſter,
That had befall'n us. As we paſs'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatchets,
Methought that Glo'ſter ſtumbled, and in falling
Struck me (that ſought to ſtay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noiſe of waters in my ears!
What ſights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought I ſaw a thouſand fearful wrecks;
A thouſand men, that fiſhes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels.
Some lay in dead men's ſculls; and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in ſcorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
That woo'd † the ſlimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.
Brak. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the ſecrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I ſtrive
To yield the ghoſt; but ſtill the envious flood
Kept in my ſoul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air;
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk,

† *Woo'd* for *ogled.*

Which

Vhich almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this ſore agony?
Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life.
) then began the tempeſt to my ſoul:
paſs'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
Vith that grim ferryman which poets write of,
nto the kingdom of perpetual night.
'he firſt that there did greet my ſtranger-ſoul,
Vas my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Vho cry'd aloud——What ſcourge for perjury
an this dark monarchy afford falſe Clarence?
nd ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by
ſhadow like an angel, with bright hair
abbled in blood, and he ſhriek'd out aloud——
larence is come, falſe, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
hat ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
eize on him, furies, take him to your torments!——
Vith that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
nviron'd me, and howled in mine ears.
uch hideous cries, that with the very noiſe
, trembling, wak'd; and for a ſeaſon after
ould not believe but that I was in hell:
uch terrible impreſſion made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done thoſe things
hat now give evidence againſt my ſoul,
or Edward's ſake; and ſee how he requites me!
) God! if my deep prayers cannot appeaſe thee,
ut thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds;
et execute thy wrath on me alone:
) ſpare my guiltleſs wife, and my poor children!
pr'ythee, Brakenbury, ſtay by me;
My ſoul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep.
reſt!
Brak. I will, my Lord. God give your Grace good
orrow breaks ſeaſons and repoſing hours, [*Aſide.*
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares:
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SCENE VI. *Enter the two Villains.*

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's there?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how cam' thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would ſpeak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, ſo brief?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him ſee our commiſſion, and talk no more.

Brak. [*Reads*] I am in this commanded, to deliver
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſs of the meaning.
There lies the Duke aſleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the King, and ſignify to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my charge. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wiſdom: fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll ſay, 'twas done cowardly when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* When he wakes! why, fool, he ſhall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why, then he'll ſay, we ſtabb'd him ſleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, *judgment*, hath bred a kind of remorſe in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it: but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the duke of Glo'ſter, and tell him ſo.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, ſtay a little: I hope this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How doſt thou feel thyſelf now?

2 *Vil.* 'Faith, ſome certain dregs of conſcience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies. I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conſcience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of Glo'ſter's purſe.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purſe to give us our reward, thy conſcience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward. A man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhame-fac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a man's boſom: it fills one full of obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a purſe of gold that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1 *Vil* 'Tis even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe it not: it would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 *Vil.* I am ſtrong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that reſpects his reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the coſtard with the hilt of thy ſword, and then throw him into the malmſie-butt in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device, and make a ſop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I ſtrike?

2 *Vil.* No; we'll reaſon with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You ſhall have wine enough, my Lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Vill.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly doſt thou ſpeak?
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who ſent you hither? wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to——

Clar. To murther me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo!
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To ſlay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuſe me?
What lawful queſt have giv'n their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by courſe of law,
To threaten me with death, is moſt unlawful.
I charge you, as ye hope to have redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me.
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Clar. Erroneous vaſſals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou ſhalt do no murder; will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Vil* And that ſame vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For falſe forſwearing, and for murther too.
Thou didſt receive the ſacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the houſe of Lancaſter.

1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didſt break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dſt the bowels of thy Sovereign's ſon.

2 *Vil.*

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert ſworn to cheriſh and defend.
1 *Vil.* How canſt thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch high degree?
Clar. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his ſake.
He ſends you not to murther me for this;
For in that ſin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
[O, know you yet, he doth it publicly;]
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm.
He needs no indirect nor lawleſs courſe,
To cut off thoſe that have offended him.
1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,
When gallant-ſpringing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was ſtruck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to ſlaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me.
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will ſend you to my brother Glo'ſter,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd; your brother Glo'ſter hates you.
Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.
Both. Ay, ſo we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bleſs'd his three ſons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his ſoul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendſhip.
Bid Glo'ſter think on this, and he will weep.
1 *Vil.* Ay, milſtones, as he leſſon'd us to weep.
Clar. O do not ſlander him, for he is kind.
1 *Vil.* As ſnow in harveſt:—you deceive yourſelf;
'Tis he that ſends us to deſtroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heav'n.
2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my Lord.
Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2 *Vil.* What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
[Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as yourselves came to you,
Would not intreat for life? ah! you would beg,
[Were you in my distress——]
1 *Vil.* Relent? 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks.
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me.
[[A begging prince what beggar pities not?
[2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord.]
1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsie-butt within. [*Exit.*
2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desp'rately dispatch'd,
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murther done!
Re-enter first Villain. [me not?
1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st
By heav'n the Duke shall know how slack you've been.
2 *Vil.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the Duke is slain. [*Exit.*
1 *Vil.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And, when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter King Edward *ſick, the Queen,* Dorſet, Rivers, Haſtings, Cateſby, Buckingham, *and other Lords.*

K. Edw. WHY, ſo; now have I done a good day's work.
You Peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to recal me hence.
And now in peace my ſoul ſhall part to heav'n,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Haſtings and Rivers, take each other's hand;
Diſſemble not your hatred; ſwear your love.

Riv. By heav'n, my ſoul is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I ſeal my true heart's love.

Haſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Leſt he that is the ſupreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falſehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Haſtings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourſelf is not exempt from this:
Nor your ſon Dorſet; Buckingham, nor you:
You have been factious one againſt the other.
Wife love Lord Haſtings, let him kiſs your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, Haſtings,—I will never more remember
Our former hatred; ſo thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorſet, embrace him. Haſtings, love Lord Marquis.

Dorſ. The interchange of love I here proteſt,
Upon my part, ſhall be inviolable.

Haſt. And ſo ſwear I.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, ſeal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever Buckingham doth turn his hate

Upon

Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love
[*To the Queen*
Doth cherish you and your's, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!——
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or your's.
[*Embracing* Rivers, &c

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Glo'ster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble Duke

Enter Gloucester, *with* Ratcliff.

Glo. Good-morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen:
And, princely Peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most Sovereign Liege.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.
'Tis death to me to be at enmity.
I hate it, and desire all good mens' love.
First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service.
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
That all without desert have frown'd on me:
Of you, Lord Woodvile; and, Lord Scales, of you;
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,

Wit

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night.
I thank my God for my humility.
Queen. A holiday shall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all strifes were well compounded!
My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.
Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse. [he is?
K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows
Queen. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dors. Ay, my good Lord; and no man in the pre-
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks. [sence,
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.
Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear:
Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve no worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my service done.
K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.
Stanley. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.
Stanley. The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my servant's life,
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave? [death?
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought;
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?

Who ſpoke of brotherhood? who ſpoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor ſoul did forſake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewkſbury,
When Oxford had me down, he reſcu'd me?
And ſaid, Dear brother, live and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lap me,
Ev'n in his garments, and did give himſelf
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting vaſſals,
Have done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer;
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,—
And I, unjuſtly too, muſt grant it you;
But for my brother not a man would ſpeak,
Nor I, ungracious, ſpake unto myſelf
For him, poor ſoul. The proudeſt of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God! I fear thy juſtice will take hold
On me and you, and mine and yours, for this.
Come, Haſtings, help me to my cloſet. Ah,
Poor Clarence! [*Exeunt ſome with the King and Queen.*

Glo. Theſe are the fruits of raſhneſs: mark'd you
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen [not
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the King.
God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company? [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter the Ducheſs of York, *with the two children of* Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your
And cry, O Clarence! my unhappy ſon! [breaſt?

Son

Son. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, caſtaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty couſins, you miſtake me both.
I do lament the ſickneſs of the King,
As loth to loſe him; not your father's death;
It were loſt ſorrow to wail one that's loſt.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The King mine uncle is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earneſt prayers.

Daugh. And ſo will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you well.
Incapable and ſhallow innocents!
You cannot gueſs who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Glo'ſter
Told me, the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
Deviſ'd impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiſs'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah! that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a virtuous viſard hide deep vice!
He is my ſon, ay, and therein my ſhame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did diſſemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers *and* Dorſet *after her.*

Queen. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myſelf?
I'll join with black deſpair againſt my ſoul,
And to myſelf become an enemy.——

Duch. What means this ſcene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragic violence.
Edward, my Lord, thy ſon, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their ſap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah! so much int'rest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title to thy noble husband.
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred-tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolours likeways be unwept!

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
[[All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.]
Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Queen. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She

She for an Edward weeps, and ſo do I;
I for a Clarence weep, ſo doth not ſhe;
Theſe babes for Clarence weep, and ſo do I.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſs'd
Pour all your tears; I am your ſorrow's nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dorſ. Comfort, dear mother; God is much diſpleas'd,
That with unthankfulneſs you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingneſs to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with Heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your ſon, ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown deſp'rate ſorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

SCENE III.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Haſtings, *and* Ratcliff.

Glo. Siſter, have comfort: all of us have cauſe
To wail the dimming of our ſhining ſtar;
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not ſee you.——Humbly on my knee
I crave your bleſſing.

Duch. God bleſs thee, and put meekneſs in thy breaſt,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man!——
That is the butt-end of a mother's bleſſing;
I marvel that her grace did leave it out. [*Aſide.*

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-ſorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now chear each other in each other's love.
Though we have ſpent our harveſt of this King,
We are to reap the harveſt of his ſon.
The broken rancour of your high ſwoln hearts,
But lately ſplinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Muſt gently be preſerv'd, cheriſh'd, and kept.

Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buck-

Buck. Marry, my Lord, lest by a multitude [ingham?
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is yet ungovern'd.
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so I think in all.
Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much comp'ny might be urg'd;
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet but few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my sister, will you go,
To give your censures* in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt*

Manent Buckingham *and* Gloucester.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's sake let not us two stay at home;
For by the way I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt*

* *censures*, for *counsels*.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Changes to a street near the court.*

Enter one citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour; whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know myself: Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes: the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r Lady; seldom comes a better: I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
Which in his nonage, counsel under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt shall then, and till then govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously inrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father;
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Glo'ster;
And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:

All

All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so;
By a divine instinct mens' minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I, I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the court.*

Enter Archbishop of York, *the young Duke of* York, *the Queen, and the Duchess of* York.

Arch. I heard they lay the last night at Northampton,
At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear, not; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle Glo'ster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flow'rs are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young;
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so no doubt he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have giv'n my uncle's grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast, [hear it.
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pry'thee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Queen. A parlous boy——go to, you are too shrewd.
Duch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.
Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?
Mess. Such news, my Lord, as grieves me to report.
Queen. How doth the Prince?
Mess. Well, Madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news?
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Gray are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty Dukes,
Glo'ster and Buckingham.
Arch. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd.
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lady.
Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;
The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne:
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves the conquerors

Make

Make war upon themſelves, blood againſt blood,
Self againſt ſelf. O moſt prepoſterous
And frantic outrage! end thy damned ſpleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to ſanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cauſe.

Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your treaſure and your goods.
For my part, I'll reſign unto your Grace
The ſeal I keep; and ſo betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of your's!
Go, I'll conduct you to the ſanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

In London.

The trumpets ſound. Enter Prince of Wales, *the Dukes of* Glouceſter *and* Buckingham, *Archbiſhop, with others.*

Buck. WElcome, ſweet Prince, to London, to your chamber†.

Glo. Welcome, dear couſin, my thoughts' ſovereign;
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle, but our croſſes on the way
Have made it tedious, weariſome, and heavy.
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Than of his outward ſhew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Thoſe uncles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their ſugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poiſon of their hearts;
God keep you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends!

Prince. God keep me from falſe friends! but they were none.

† *London was anciently called Camera regia. Mr. Pope.*

Enter

Glo. My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bleſs your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings! that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the ſweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord. What, will our mother come?

Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen, your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken ſanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeviſh courſe
Is this of her's? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Perſuade the Queen to ſend the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother preſently?
If ſhe deny, Lord Haſtings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him per-force.

Arch. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if ſhe be
Obdurate to intreaties, God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy privilege
Of ſanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of ſo deep a ſin.

Buck. You are too ſenſeleſs-obſtinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional†.
Weigh it but with the greenneſs of his age,
You break not ſanctuary, in ſeizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place,
And thoſe who have the wit to claim the place;
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it;

† *Ceremonious, for ſuperſtitious; traditional, for adherent to old cuſtoms.*

Therefore,

Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of ſanctuary-men,
But ſanctuary-children ne'er till now.
Arch. My Lord, you ſhall o'er-rule my mind for once;
Come on, Lord Haſtings, will you go with me?
Haſt. I go, my Lord.
[*Exeunt Archbiſhop and* Haſtings.
Prince. Good Lords, make all the ſpeedy haſte you may.
Say, uncle Glo'ſter, if our brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojourn till our coronation?
Glo. Where it ſeems beſt unto your Royal ſelf.
If may counſel you, ſome day or two
Your Highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower of any place.
Did Julius Cæſar build that place, my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which ſince ſucceeding ages have re-built.
Prince. Is it upon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſively from age to age he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.
Prince. But ſay, my Lord, it were not regiſter'd,
Methinks the truth ſhould live from age to age,
As 'twere intail'd to all poſterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay, do ne'er live long.
Prince. What ſay you, uncle?
Glo. I ſay, without characters Fame lives long.
Thus like the formal-wiſe Antiquity
I moralize: two meanings in one word. } *Aſide.*
Prince. That Julius Cæſar was a famous man;
With what his valour did inrich his wit,
His wit ſet down to make his valour live.
Death made no conqueſt of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my couſin Buckingham.
Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince.

Prince. An' if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a ſoldier, as I liv'd a King.
Glo. Short ſummer lightly has a forward ſpring.
Enter York, Haſtings, *and Archbiſhop.*
Buck. Now in good time here comes the Duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York, how fares our Noble brother?
York. Well, my dread Lord, ſo muſt I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is your's;
Too late he dy'd that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much majeſty.
Glo. How fares our couſin, Noble Lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid, that idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my Lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh, my fair couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.
York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have pow'r in me as in a kinſman.
York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little couſin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being a toy, it is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my couſin.
York. A greater gift? O, that's the ſword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle couſin, were it light enough.
York. O, then I ſee you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll ſay a beggar *Nay*.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little Lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will ſtill be croſs in talk;
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.
Becauſe that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulders.

Buck. With what a ſharp-provided wit he reaſons!
To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf;
o cunni ng, and ſo young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious Lord, wil't pleaſe you paſs along?
Myſelf and my good couſin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What? will you go unto the Tower, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it ſo.

York. I ſhall not ſleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what ſhould you fear?

York Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghoſt:
My grandam told me he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An' if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Think on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince*, York, Haſtings, *and Archbiſhop.*

SCENE II.

Manent Glouceſter, Buckingham, *and* Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating York
Was not incenſed by his ſubtile mother,
To taunt and ſcorn you thus opprobriouſly?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a per'lous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. We'll, let them reſt. Come, Catesby, thou art [ſworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'ſt our reaſons urg'd upon the way:
What think'ſt thou? is it not an eaſy matter
To make Lord William Haſtings of our mind,
For the inſtalment of this Noble Duke
In the ſeat-royal of this famous iſle?

Cateſ.

Cateſ. He, for his father's ſake, ſo loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught againſt him.
Buck. What think'ſt thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cateſ. He will do all in all as Haſtings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more than this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, ſound thou Lord Haſtings,
How he doth ſtand affected to our purpoſe;
And ſummon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To ſit about the coronation.
If thou doſt find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou ſo too; and ſo break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyſelf ſhalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William; tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adverſaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-caſtle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Miſtreſs Shore one gentle kiſs the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this buſineſs ſoundly.
Cateſ. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we ſleep?
Cateſ. You ſhall, my Lord.
Glo. At Crosby-place, there you ſhall find us both.
[*Exit* Catesby.

Buck. My Lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceive
Lord Haſtings will not yield to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head, man; ſomewhat we will do;
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the king my brother ſtood poſſeſs'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promiſe at your Grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindneſs.
Come, let us ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before Lord Hasting's house.*

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord,——

Hast. [*within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from Lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears by what I have to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this night
He dream'd the boar had raſed off his helm:
Beſides, he ſays, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhip's pleaſure,
If you will preſently take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him tow'rds the north,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the ſeparated councils.
His honour and my ſelf are at the one;
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I ſhall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are ſhallow, wanting inſtance;
And for his dreams, I wonder he's ſo fond
To truſt the mock'ry of unquiet ſlumbers.
To fly the boar before the boar purſues,
Were to incenſe the boar to follow us,
And make purſuit where he did mean no chace.
Go, bid thy maſter riſe, and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the boar will uſe us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you ſay. [*Ex.*

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my Noble Lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby, you are early ſtirring.
What

What news, what news, in this our tott'ring ſtate?
Cateſ. It is a reeling world, indeed, my Lord;
And I believe will never ſtand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Haſt. How! wear the garland? doſt thou mean the crown?
Cateſ. Ay, my good Lord.
Haſt. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my ſhoulders,
Before I'll ſee the crown ſo foul miſplac'd.
But canſt thou gueſs that he doth aim at it?
Cateſ. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he ſends you this good news,
That this ſame very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Becauſe they have been ſtill my adverſaries;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's ſide,
To bar my maſter's heirs in true deſcent.
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cateſ. God keep your Lordſhip in that gracious mind!
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my maſter's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Cateſby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll ſend ſome packing that yet think not on't.
Cateſ. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous! and ſo falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray; and ſo 'twill do
With ſome men elſe, who think themſelves as ſafe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'ſt, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
Cateſ. The princes both make high account of you—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aſide.*
Haſt. I know they do; and I have well deſerv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-ſpear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go ſo unprovided?
Stan. My Lord, good morrow; and good morrow,
You may jeſt on, but, by the holy rood, [Cateſby.

I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as you do your's
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am? [London.

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure;
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we tow'rd the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you: wot ye what, my Lord?
To-day the Lords you talk of, are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my Lord, away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Lord* Stanley *and* Catesby.
Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet.
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies;
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it to your Honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your Honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to see your Honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart;
I'm

I'm in your debt for your laſt exerciſe.
Come the next ſabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whiſpers.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a prieſt, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the prieſt,
Your Honour hath no ſhriving work in hand.
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you tow'rd the Tower?
Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I ſhall not ſtay.
I ſhall return before your Lordſhip thence.
Haſt. Nay, like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.
Buck. And ſupper too, altho' thou know'ſt it not.
[*Aſide.*
Come, will you go?
Haſt. I'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Pomfret caſtle.*

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, *with halberts, carrying Lord* Rivers, *Lord* Gray, *and Sir* Thomas Vaughan, *to death.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the priſoners.
Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,
To-day ſhalt thou behold a ſubject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.
Vaugh. You live that ſhall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Diſpatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody priſon,
Fatal and ominous to Noble Peers!
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls
Richard the Second, here, was hack'd to death;
And, for more ſlander to thy diſmal ſeat,
We give to thee our guiltleſs blood to drink.
Gray. Now Marg'ret's curſe is fall'n upon our heads,
When ſhe exclaim'd on Haſtings, you, and I,
For ſtanding by when Richard ſtabb'd her ſon.
Riv. Then curs'd ſhe Richard, curs'd ſheBuckingham,
Then

Then curs'd she Hastings. O remember, God!
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us.
As for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood;
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.
Riv. Come, Gray; come, Vaughan; let us all embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Tower.*

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, *Bishop of* Ely, Catesby, Lovel, *with others, at a table.*

Hast. Now, Noble Peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation.
In God's name speak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stan. They are, and want but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of your's;
Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well.
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him; nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein.
But you, my Noble Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice;
Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.
Glo. My Noble Lords and cousins all, good-morrow:
I have been long a sleeper, but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
William Lord Haſtings had pronounc'd your part;
I mean your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord Haſtings no man might be bolder.
His Lordſhip knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was laſt in Holbourn,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there:
I do beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* Ely.

Glo. Couſin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath ſounded Haſtings in our buſineſs,
And finds the teſty gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his head, ere give conſent,
His maſter's ſon, as worſhipfully he terms it,
Shall loſe the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourſelf a while; I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* Glo. *and* Buck.

Stan. We have not yet ſet down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too ſudden;
For I myſelf am not ſo well provided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord the Duke of Glouceſter?
I have ſent ſtraightway for theſe ſtrawberries. [morning:

Haſt. His Grace looks chearfully and ſmooth this
There's ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Chriſtendom
Can leſſer hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhew'd to-day?

Haſt. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had ſhew'n it in his looks.

Re-enter Glouceſter *and* Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all tell me what they deſerve,
That do conſpire my death with dev'liſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their helliſh charms.

Haſt.

Haſt. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this princely preſence,
To doom th' offenders, whoſoe'er they be.
I ſay, my Lord, they have deſerved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſs of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blaſted ſapling, wither'd up.
And this is Edward's wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot, ſtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Haſt. If they have done this deed, my noble Lord—
Glo. If? thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Ifs? thou art a traitor——
Off with his head—now, by St. Paul I ſwear,
I will not dine untill I ſee the ſame.
Lovel and Catesby,—look that it be done.
The reſt that love me, riſe and follow me. [*Exeunt.*
Manent Lovel *and* Catesby, *with the Lord* Haſtings.
Haſt. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raſe our helms;
But I did ſcorn it, and diſdain to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
O, now I need the prieſt that ſpake to me.
I now repent I told the purſuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myſelf ſecure in grace and favour.
Oh, Marg'ret, Marg'ret, now thy heavy curſe
Is lighted on poor Haſtings' wretched head. [dinner.
Cateſ. Come, come, diſpatch; the Duke would be at
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in th' air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken ſailor on a maſt,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
prophesy the fearfull'est time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head.
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Tower-walls.*

Enter Gloucester *and* Buckingham *in rusty armour, marvellous ill favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side;
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like inforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
Glo. Here comes the Mayor.
Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. Lord Mayor,—

Enter the Lord Mayor, attended.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.
Buck. Hark, a drum!
Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent—
Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel *and* Catesby *with* Hastings's *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Catesby and Lovel.
Lovel. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest, harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a christian:
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That (his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean,

I mean, his converſation with Shore's wife)
He liv'd from all attainder of ſuſpect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd tra
Would you imagine, or almoſt believe, [tor—
(Were't not that by great preſervation
We live to tell it,) that the ſubtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-houſe,
To murther me and my good Lord of Glo'ſter.
Mayor. What? had he ſo?
Glo. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the form of law,
Proceed thus raſhly to the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the caſe,
The peace of England, and our perſon's ſafety,
Inforc'd us to this execution?
Mayor. Now, fair befal you! he deſerv'd his death
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn falſe traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with miſtreſs Shore.
Buck. Yet had not we determin'd he ſhould die,
Until your Lordſhips came to ſee his end;
Which now the loving haſte of theſe our friends,
Something againſt our meaning hath prevented;
Becauſe, my Lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor ſpeak, and tim'rouſly confeſs
The manner and the purpoſe of his treaſons;
That you might well have ſignified the ſame
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Miſconſtrue us in him, and wail his death.
Mayor. Tut! my good Lord, your Grace's word ſhal
As well as I had ſeen and heard him ſpeak: [ſerve
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.
Glo. And to that end we wiſh'd your Lordſhip here
T'avoid the cenſures of the carping world.
Buck. But ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſs what you hear we did intend:

nd so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewel.

[*Exit Mayor.*

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
he Mayor towards Guild-hall hies him in all post.
here, at your meetest vantage of the time,
nfer the bastardy of Edward's children;
ell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
nly for saying, he would make his son
eir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Vhich by the sign thereof was termed so.
oreover urge his hateful luxury,
nd bestial appetite in change of lust,
Vhich stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
v'n where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
Vithout controul, lusted to make a prey.
ay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
ell them, when that my mother went with child
f that insatiate Edward, Noble York
Iy princely father then had wars in France;
nd by just computation of the time,
ound that the issue was not his begot:
Vhich well appeared in his lineaments,
eing nothing like the noble Duke my father.
et touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
ecause, my Lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the orator,
s if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Vere for myself; and so, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle,*
Vhere you shall find me well accompanied
Vith reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four o'clock
ook for the news that the Guild-hall affords. [*Exit* Buck.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;
Go thou to Friar Peuker; bid them both [*To* Catesby.
Meet me within this hour at Bynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* Lovel *and* Catesby *severally.*

* *A house in Thames-street belonging to the Duke of Glocester.*

Now will I go to take ſome privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of ſight;
And to give order that no ſort of perſon
Have any time recourſe unto the Princes. [Ex

Enter a Scriviner.

Scriv. Here is th' indictment of the good Lord Ha
Which in a ſet hand fairly is ingroſs'd, [ing
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the ſequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I've ſpent to write it over,
For yeſternight by Catesby was it ſent me:
The precedent was full as long a doing.
And yet within theſe five hours Haſtings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while; —who is ſo groſs,
That cannot ſee this palpable device?
Yet who ſo bold, but ſays he ſees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealings muſt be ſeen in thought. [Exi

SCENE VII. *Changes to Baynard's caſtle.*

Enter Glouceſter *and* Buckingham, *at ſeveral doors.*

Glo. How now, how now, what ſay the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, ſay not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the baſtrday of Edward's children

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
Th' unſatiate greedineſs of his deſires,
And his inforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own baſtardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his reſemblance being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleneſs of mind:
Laid op.n all your victories in Scotland;
Your diſcipline in war, wiſdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpoſe
Untouch'd, or ſlightly handled in diſcourſe.

An

nd when my oratory grew tow'rd end,
bid them that did love their country's good,
ry, God ſave Richard, England's Royal King!
Glo. And did they ſo?
Buck. No, ſo God help me; they ſpake not a word;
ut, like dumb ſtatues, or unbreathing ſtones
ar'd each on other, and look'd deady pale:
/hich when I ſaw, I reprehended them;
nd ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful ſilence?
is anſwer was, the people were not uſed
o be ſpoke to, except by the Recorder.
hen he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
hus ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd;
ut nothing ſpoke in warrant from himſelf.
/hen he had done, ſome followers of mine own,
t lower end o'th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
nd ſome ten voices cry'd, God ſave King Richard!
nd thus I took the vantage of thoſe few:
hanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I;
his general applauſe and chearful ſhout
rgues your wiſdom, and your love to Richard;
nd even here brake off, and came away. [not ſpeak?
Glo. What tongueleſs blocks were they, they would
/ill not the Mayor then and his brethren come?
Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; pretend ſome fear;
e not you ſpoke with, but by mighty ſuit;
nd look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
nd ſtand between two churchmen, good my Lord;
or on that ground I'll build a holy deſcant;
nd be not eaſily won to our requeſts:
lay the maid's part, ſtill anſwer *Nay*, and take it.
Glo. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
s I can ſay *Nay* to thee, for myſelf,
o doubt we'll bring it to a happy iſſue. [*Exit* Glo.
Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

/elcome, my Lord. I dance attendance here;
think the Duke will not be ſpoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Catesby, what ſays your Lord to my requeſt?

Cates. He doth intreat your grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day;
He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our gen'ral good.
Are come to have some conf'rence with his Grace.

Cates. I'll signify so much unto him strait. [*Exit*

Buck. Ah, ah! my Lord, this prince is not an E
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed [war
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping to ingross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sov'reignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God shield his Grace should say us *Na*

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Bukk. Sorry I am, my Noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heav'n we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return, and tell his Grace.
[*Exit* Catesb
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them hence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

SCEN

SCENE VIII.

ter Glouceſter *above, between two clergymen.* Catesby *returns.*

Mayor. See where his Grace ſtands 'tween two clergymen.

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Chriſtian prince,
o ſtay him from the fall of vanity :
nd ſee a book of prayer in his hand,
rue ornaments to know a holy man.
amous Plantagenet ! moſt gracious prince,
end favourable ear to our requeſts,
nd pardon us the interruption
f thy devotion and right-chriſtian zeal.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch apology ;
do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
who, earneſt in the ſervice of my God,
eferr'd the viſitation of my friends.
ut, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleaſure ?

Buck. Ev'n that I hope which pleaſeth God above,
nd all good men of this ungovern'd iſle.

Glo. I do ſuſpect I have done ſome offence
hat ſeems diſgracious in the city's eye,
nd that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord : would it might pleaſe your Grace,
n our intreaties, to amend your fault.

Glo. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian land ?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you reſign
The ſupreme ſeat, the throne majeſtical,
The ſcepter'd office of your anceſtors,
Your ſtate of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſh'd ſtock :
While in the mildneſs of your ſleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble iſle doth want her proper limbs :
Her face defac'd with ſcars of infamy,
Her royal ſtock graft with ignoble plants,
And almoſt ſhoulder'd into th' ſwallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulneſs, and deep oblivion :

Which to recure, we heartily ſolicit
Your gracious ſelf to take on you the charge
And kindly government of this your land:
Not as Protector, ſteward, ſubſtitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as ſucceſſively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, conſorted with the citizens,
Your very worſhipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this juſt ſuit come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeak in your reproof,
Beſt fitteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to anſwer, you might haply think
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of ſov'reignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me:
If to reprove you for this ſuit of your's,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other ſide, I check'd my friends.
Therefore to ſpeak, and to avoid the firſt,
And then in ſpeaking not incur the laſt,
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your love deſerves my thanks; but my deſert,
Unmeritable, ſhuns your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet ſo much is my poverty of ſpirit,
So mighty and ſo many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatneſs,
Being a bark to brook no mighty ſea,
Than in my greatneſs covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of time,
Will well become the ſeat of majeſty;

And make us, doubtleſs, happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy ſtars;
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him!
Buck. My Lord, this argues conſcience in your Grace.
But the reſpects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay that Edward is your brother's ſon;
So ſay we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For firſt was he contract to Lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witneſs to that vow;
And afterward by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To Bona, ſiſter to the King of France.
Theſe both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-weaning, and diſtreſſed widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her beſt days,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To baſe declenſion and loth'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Save that, for reverence of ſome alive,
I give a ſparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your royal ſelf
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bleſs us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble anceſtry
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Unto a lineal, true-derived courſe.
Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your citizens intreat you.
Buck. Refuſe not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.
Cateſ. O make them joyful, grant their lawful ſuit.
Glo. Alas! why would you heap theſe cares on me?
I am unfit for ſtate and majeſty.
I do beſeech you take it not amiſs;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuſe it, as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depoſe the child, your brother's ſon,

(As

(As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally indeed to all eſtates);
Yet know, whe'r you accept our ſuit or no,
Your brother's ſon ſhall never reign our King;
But we will plant ſome other in the throne,
To the diſgrace and downfal of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens, we will intreat no more. [*Exeunt.*

Cateſ. Call them again, ſweet Prince, accept their ſuit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you inforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again; I am not made of ſtone,
[*Exit* Catesby.
But penetrable to your kind intreaties,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoul.
Re-enter Buckingham, *and the reſt.*
Couſin of Buckingham, and ſage, grave men,
Since you will buckle Fortune on my back
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I muſt have patience to endure the load.
But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequel of your impoſition,
Your mere enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the deſire of this.

Mayor. God bleſs your Grace! we ſee it, and will ſay it.

Glo. In ſaying ſo you ſhall but ſay the truth.

Buck. Then I ſalute you with this royal title,
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it pleaſe you to be crown'd?

Glo. Ev'n when you pleaſe, for you will have it ſo.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And ſo moſt joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.
Farewel, my couſin; farewel, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter the Queen, Ducheſs of York, *and Marquis of* Dorſet, *at one door*; Anne *Ducheſs of* Glouceſter, *leading Lady* Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's *young daughter, at the other.*

Duch. WHO meets us here? my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glo'ſter?
Now, for my life ſhe's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Queen. Siſter, well met; whither away ſo faſt?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I gueſs,
Upon the like devotion as yourſelves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Queen. Kind ſiſter, thanks; we'll enter all togerher.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Maſter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young ſon of York?

Lieut. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them;
The King hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's that?

Lieut. I mean the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he ſet bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who ſhall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will ſee them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother;
Then bring me to their ſights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieut. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it ſo:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit* Lieut.

Enter

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll ſalute your Grace of York as mother
And rev'rend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come, Madam, you muſt ſtrait to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned Richard's Royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace aſunder,
That my pent heart may have ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Deſpightful tidings, O unpleaſing news!

Dorſ. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your Grace!

Queen. O Dorſet, ſpeak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dog thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outſtrip death, go croſs the ſeas;
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Marg'ret's curſe;
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſel, Madam;
Take all the ſwift advantage of the time;
You ſhall have letters from me to my ſon
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwiſe delay.

Duch. O ill-diſperſing wind of miſery!
O my accurſed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice haſt thou hatch'd to the world,
Whoſe unavoided eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haſte was ſent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingneſs will go.
O, would to God, that the incluſive verge
Of golden metal that muſt round my brow,
Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſave the Queen!

Queen. Go, go, poor ſoul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wiſh thyſelf no harm.

Anne, No! why?—When he that is my huſband now,

Came

'ame to me, as I follow'd Henry's corſe;
Vhen ſcarce the blood was well waſh'd from his hands,
Vhich iſſu'd from my other angel huſband.
ınd that dear ſaint, which then I weeping follow'd:
) when, I ſay, I look'd on Richard's face,
'his was my wiſh, Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
or making me, ſo young, ſo old a widow!
ınd when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed;
ınd be thy wife, if any be ſo mad,
Iore miſerable by the life of thee,
'han thou haſt made me by my dear Lord's death!
o, ere I can repeat this curſe again,
Vithin ſo ſmall a time, my woman's heart
Groſsly grew captive to his honey-words,
ınd prov'd the ſubject of mine own ſoul's curſe:
Vhich ever ſince hath held mine eyes from reſt.
or never yet one hour in his bed
)id I enjoy the golden dew of ſleep,
ut with his tim'rous dreams was ſtill awak'd.
eſides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
ınd will, no doubt, ſhortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my ſoul I mourn for your's.

Dorſ. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor ſoul, that tak'ſt thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee! [*To* Dorſet.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee! [*To* Anne.

Go thou to ſanctuary, good thoughts poſſeſs thee! [*To the* Queen.

to my grave, where peace and reſt lie with me!
Eighty odd years of ſorrow have I ſeen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Queen. Stay; yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient ſtones, thoſe tender babes,
Whom Envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for ſuch little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurſe! old ſullen play-fellow
For tender princes, uſe my babies well!

So

So foolish Sorrow bids your stones farewel. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *Changes to the court.*

Flourish of trumpets. *Enter* Glocester *as King*, Buckingham, Catesby.

K. Rich. Stand all apart—cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious Sovereign!

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated: [ice
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham! now do I ply the touch,*
To try if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives—think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be King

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned Liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so——but Edward
Buck. True, Noble Prince. [lives—

K. Rich. O bitter consequence!
That Edward still should live—True, Noble Prince.
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die? [zes
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear
Before I positively speak in this: [Lord
I will resolve your Grace immediately. [*Exit* Buck.

Catesb. The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective † boys: none are for me
That look into me with consid'rate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy,——

* i. e. *apply the touchstone.*

† *unrespective*, for *unheeding.*

Page. My Lord.

K. Rich. Know'ſt thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a cloſe exploit of death?

Page. I know a diſcontented gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty ſpirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my Lord, is *Tyrrel.*

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go call him hither.
[*Exit Boy.*
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſels.
Hath he ſo long held out with me untir'd,
And ſtops he now for breath? well, be it ſo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?

Stan. My Lord,
The Marquis Dorſet, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides:

K. Rich. Come hither, Cateſby; rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is ſick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Inquire me out ſome mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtrait to Clarence' daughter.——
The boy is fooliſh, and I fear not him.)
Look how thou dream'ſt——I ſay again, give out,
That Anne my Queen is ſick, and like to die.
About it; for it ſtands me much upon
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may damage me.
I muſt be married to my brother's daughter,
Or elſe my kingdom ſtands on brittle glaſs:
Murther her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain * way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy name *Tyrrel.*

* *Uncertain* here uſed for *unconſtant.*

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your moſt obedient ſubject.
K. Rich. Art thou indeed? [*He takes him aſide.*
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.
K. Rich. Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Pleaſe you, I'd rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou haſt it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweet ſleep's diſturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon;
Tyrrel, I mean thoſe baſtards in the tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And ſoon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou ſing'ſt ſweet muſic. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token——riſe, and lend thine ear——
[*Whiſpers.*
There is no more but ſo——ſay, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will diſpatch it ſtrait. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have conſidered in my mind
That late demand that you did ſound me in. [mond.
K. Rich. Well, let that reſt. Dorſet is fled to Rich-
Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's ſon; well, look to it.
Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promiſed I ſhall poſſeſs.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if ſhe convey
Letters to Richmond, you ſhall anſwer it.
Buck. What ſays your highneſs to my juſt requeſt?
K. Rich. I do remember me—Henry the Sixth
Did propheſy, that Richmond ſhould be King,
When Richmond was a little peeviſh boy.
A King, perhaps——
Buck. My Lord,—— [time
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that
Have told me, I being by, that I ſhould kill him?
Buck. My Lord, your promiſe for the earldom——

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Richmond? when I was laſt at Exeter,
The Mayor in courteſy ſhewed me the caſtle,
And call'd it *Rouge-mont*: at which name I ſtarted;
Becauſe a bard of Ireland told me once,
I ſhould not live long after I ſaw Richmond.

Buck. My Lord,——

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. But what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the ſtroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it ſtrike.

Buck. Why, let it ſtrike?

K. Rich. Becauſe that, like a jack, thou keep'ſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then reſolve me whe'r you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vein. [*Exit.*

Buck. Is it ev'n ſo? repays he my deep ſervice
With ſuch contempt? made I him King for this?
O, let me think on Haſtings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton and Forreſt, whom I did ſuborn
To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
Albeit they were fleſh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſs and mild compaſſion,
Wept like two children, in their death's ſad ſtory.
O thus, (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle babes;
Thus, thus, (quoth Forreſt,) girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaſter arms:
Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
And in their ſummer-beauty kiſs'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once (quoth Forreſt) almoſt chang'd my mind.
But, oh! the devil——there the villains ſtopp'd:

When Dighton thus told on—we ſmothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er ſhe fram'd——
Hence both are gone with conſcience and remorſe;
They could not ſpeak, and ſo I left them both,
To bear theſe tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my Sovereign Lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel——am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happineſs, be happy then;
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didſt thou ſee them dead?

Tyr. I did, my Lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to ſay the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, ſoon, ſoon after ſupper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſs of their death.
Mean time——but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewel till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The ſon of Clarence have I pent up cloſe;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The ſons of Edward ſleep in Abraham's boſom:
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Briton Richmond aims
At young Eliſabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. My Lord,—— [bluntly?

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'ſt in ſo

Cateſ. Bad news, my Lord. Morton † is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welchmen,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power increaſeth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,

† *Biſhop of Ely.*

Than

'han Buckingham and his raſh levied army.
ome, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
leaden ſervitor to dull delay;
elay leads impotent and ſnail-pac'd beggary.
hen fiery expedition be my wing,
ve's Mercury and herald for a King!
o, muſter men; my counſel is my ſhield;
le muſt be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Queen* Margaret.

Q. Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
nd drop into the rotten mouth of death.
ere, in theſe confines ſlily have I lurk'd,
o watch the waining of mine enemies.
dire induction am I witneſs to;
nd will to France, hoping the conſequence
'ill prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
'ithdraw thee, wretched Marg'ret! Who comes here?

Enter the Ducheſs of York *and Queen.*

Queen. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
y unblown flowers, new-appearing ſweets!
yet your gentle ſouls fly in the air,
nd be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
over about me with your airy wings,
nd hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her; ſay, that wrong for wrong
ath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miſeries have craz'd my voice,
hat my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
lward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
dward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from ſuch gentle lambs,
nd throw them in the intrails of the wolf?
hy didſt thou ſleep when ſuch a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy'd, and my ſweet ſon:

Duch. Dead life, blind ſight, poor mortal living ghoſt,
Woe's ſcene, world's ſhame, grave's due, by life uſurp'd,
Brief abſtract and record of tedious days,
Reſt thy unreſt on England's lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Queen. Ah, that thou would'ſt as ſoon afford a gra
[Throwing herſelf down upon the ear
As thou canſt yield a melancholy ſeat;
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here.
Ah, who hath any cauſe to mourn but we?

Q. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reverend,
Give mine the benefit of ſeniority;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If ſorrow can admit ſociety,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Huſband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou had'ſt a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didſt kill him
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'ſt to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadſt a Clarence too, and Richard kill
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept [hin
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death;
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
Thy womb let looſe, to chace us to our graves.
O upright, juſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the iſſue of his mother's body;
And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. Oh, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witneſs with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
Young York he is but boot, becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſs.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that ſtabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
Th' adulterer Haſtings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Untimely ſmother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,

Onl

Only reſerv'd their factor to buy ſouls,
And ſend them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Inſues his piteous and unpitied end. [vengeance.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, ſaints pray, for
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to ſay, The dog is dead!

Queen. Oh! thou didſt propheſy, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to help me curſe [come,
That bottled ſpider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flouriſh of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor ſhadow, painted Queen,
The preſentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful page;
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a gariſh flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous ſhot;
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A Queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues and kneels, and ſays, God ſave the Queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being ſu'd to, one that humbly ſues;
For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none.
Thus hath the courſe of juſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt uſurp my place, and doſt thou now
Uſurp the juſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
From which, ev'n here I ſlip my wearied head,

And

And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and Queen of ſad miſchance;
Theſe Engliſh woes ſhall make me ſmile in France.
Queen. O thou well skill'd in curſes! ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbear to ſleep the night, and faſt the day.
Compare dead happineſs with living woe;
Think that thy babes were ſweeter than they were,
And he that ſlew them, fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loſs makes the bad cauſer worſe;
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curſe. [thine.
Queen. My words are dull; O! quicken them with
Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharp, and pierce
like mine. [*Exit* Margaret.
Duch. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?
Queen. Windy attorneys to their client-woes,
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miſeries!
Let them have ſcope; tho' what they do impart,
Help nothing elſe, yet they do eaſe the heart.
Duch. If ſo, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words lets ſmother
My damned ſon, that thy two ſweet ſons ſmother'd.
I hear his drum, be copious in exclaims. [*Drum within.*

SCENE V. *Enter King* Richard *and his train.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Duch. O, ſhe that might have intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed womb,
From all the ſlaughters, wretch, that thou haſt done.
Queen. Hid'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where ſhould be branded, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my poor ſons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-ſlave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſon? [Clarence?
Queen. Where is kind Haſtings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Gray?
K. Rich. A flouriſh, trumpets! ſtrike alarm, drums!
Let not the heavens hear theſe tell-tale women

Rail

ail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.
[*Flouriſh. Alarums.*
ither be patient, and intreat me fair,
r with the clamorous report of war
hus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my ſon?
K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourſelf.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
hat cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haſte.
Duch. Art thou ſo haſty? I have ſtaid for thee,
od knows, in anguiſh, pain, and agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'ſt it well;
hou cam'ſt on earth to make the earth my hell.
grievous burden was thy birth to me;
:tchy and wayward was thy infancy;
ıy ſchool-days frightful, deſp'rate, wild, and furious;
ıy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
ıy age confirm'd, proud, ſubtile, ſly, and bloody.
hat comfortable hour canſt thou name,
ıat ever grac'd me in thy company?
[*K. Rich.* 'Faith, none but Humphry Houre, that
call'd your Grace
o breakfaſt once, forth of my company]
K. Rich. If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,
t me march on, and not offend your Grace.
ike up the drum.
Duch. I pr'ythee hear me ſpeak.
K. Rich. You ſpeak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
r I ſhall never ſpeak to thee again.
K. Rich. So,——
Duch. Either thou'lt die by God's juſt ordinance,
e from this war thou turn a conqueror;
I with grief and extreme age ſhall periſh,
ıd never look upon thy face again.
ıerefore take with thee my moſt heavy curſe;

Which

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'ſt!
My prayers on the adverſe party fight;
And there the little ſouls of Edward's children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſs and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end!
Shame ſerves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Ex*

Queen. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſs ſp
to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her. [*Goi*

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I muſt ſpeak a word w

Queen. I have no more ſons of the royal blood [y
For thee to ſlaughter; for my daughters, Richard,
They ſhall be praying nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd *Eliſabeth*,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her live,
And I'll cor upt her manners, ſtain her beauty,
Slander myſelf as falſe to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So ſhe may live unſcarr'd from bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſs ſhe was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royal blo

Queen. To ſave her life, I'll ſay ſhe is not ſo.

K Rich. Her life is ſafeſt only in her birth.

Queen And only in that ſafety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. No, at their births good ſtars were oppoſ

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of deſtiny.

Queen. True; when avoided grace makes deſtiny.
My babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſs'd thee with a fairer life.

K Rich You ſpeak as if that I had ſlain my couſin

Queen. Couſins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whoſe hands ſoever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt, the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,

ll it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,
o revel in the intrails of my lambs.
it that ſtill uſe of grief makes wild grief tame,
y tongue ſhould to thy ears not name my boys,
ll that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
nd I in ſuch a deſp'rate bay of death,
ke a poor bark, of ſails, and tackling reft,
uſh all to pieces on thy rocky boſom.

K. Rich. Madam, ſo thrive I in my enterpriſe,
nd dangerous ſucceſs of bloody wars;
s I intend more good to you and your's,
han ever you or your's by me were harm'd!

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
o be diſcover'd, that can do me good! [Lady.

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle

Queen. Up to ſome ſcaffold, there to loſe their heads.

K Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
he high imperial type † of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my ſorrows with report of it.
ell me, what ſtate, what dignity, what honour,
anſt thou deviſe to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have; ay, and myſelf and all,
/ill I withal endow a child of thine,
o in the Lethe of thy angry ſoul
'hou drown the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,
Vhich thou ſuppoſeſt I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, leſt that the proceſs of thy kindneſs
aſt longer telling than thy kindneſs do. [daughter.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my ſoul I love thy

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her ſoul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Queen. That thou doſt love my daughter from thy ſoul.
o from thy ſoul's love didſt thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning;
mean, that with my ſoul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England. [King?

Queen. Say then, who doſt thou mean ſhall be her

† i. e. *the throne.*

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Ev'n he that makes her Queen; who el
Queen. What, thou! [ſhould be
K. Rich. Even ſo; how think you of it?
Queen. How canſt thou woo her?
K. Rich. I would learn of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.
Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. With all my heart.
Queen. Send to her, by the man that ſlew her brother
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon ingrave
Edward and *York*; then haply will ſhe weep.
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime Marg'ret
Did to thy father, ſteep'd in Rutland's blood,
A handkerchief; which, ſay to her, did drain
The purple tide from her ſweet brothers bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her ſake,
Mad'ſt quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the wa
To win your daughter.
Queen. There's no other way,
Unleſs thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Queen. Nay then, indeed, ſhe cannot chuſe but hat
Having bought love with ſuch a bloody ſpoil. [thee
K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now ammend
Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes, [ed
Which after hours give leaſure to repent of.
If I did take the kingdom from your ſons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the iſſue of your womb,
To quicken your increaſe, I will beget
Mine iſſue of your blood, upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doating title of a mother.
They are, as children, but one ſtep below,

Even

Even of your metal, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but a son being King;
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions, and great dignity.
The King, that calls your beauteous daughter *wife*,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset *brother*.
Again shall you be mother to a King;
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see.
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retale my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Queen. What were I best to say, her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,

Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance
Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting wa
K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command, it
treats——
Queen. That at her hands which the King's Kin
forbids.
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen-
Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Queen. But how long shall that title ever last?
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last
K. Rich. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.
Queen. As long as hell and Richard like of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her subject now
Queen But she, your subject, loathes such sov'reignty
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told
K. Rich. Then, in plain terms, tell her my loving tale
Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick
[*Queen.* O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave;
Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break. [pas
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that
Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown——
Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd
K. Rich. I swear.
Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now, by the world——
Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death——
Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then by myself.

Quee

Queen. Thyſelf thyſelf miſuſeſt.
K. Rich. Why then, by heav'n——
Queen. Heav'n's wrong is moſt of all.
thou didſt fear to break an oath with heav'n,
ıe unity the King my husband made
ıou hadſt not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.
thou hadſt fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,
ı' imperial metal circling now thy head,
d grac'd the tender temples of my child:
ıd both the Princes had been breathing here;
hich now, two tender bed-fellows for duſt,
y broken faith hath made a prey to worms.
ıat canſt thou ſwear by now?
K. *Rich.* By time to come.
Queen. That thou haſt wronged in the time o'erpaſt;
· I myſelf have many tears to waſh
reafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.
e children live, whoſe fathers thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
govern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
e parents live, whoſe children thou haſt butcher'd,
wither'd plants to wail it in their age.
ıwear not by time to come, for that thou haſt
iſus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpaſt.
K. Rich. As I intend to proſper and repent,
hrive I in my dangerous attempt
hoſtile arms! myſelf myſelf confound;
ıven and fortune bar me happy hours;
· yield me not thy light, nor night thy reſt;
ppoſite all planets of good luck
my proceeding; if with pure heart's love,
naculate devotion, holy thoughts,
nder not thy beauteous princely daughter!
ıer conſiſts my happineſs and thine;
hout her, follows to myſelf and thee,
ſelf, the land, and many a Chriſtian ſoul,
th, deſolation, ruin, and decay.
annot be avoided but by this;
ill not be avoided but by this.
refore, dear mother, (I muſt call you ſo),
he attorney of my love to her;

Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times;
And be not peevish found in great designs.
Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.
Queen. Shall I forget myself to be myself?
K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself
Queen. But thou didst kill my children.
K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.
Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Queen. I go; write to me shortly.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so fare
well—— [*Exit Quee.*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy: to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he? [Norfol
Cates. Here, my good Lord.
K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the Duke.
Cates. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.
K. Rich Ratcliff, come hither, post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither—Dull unmindful villain,
[*To* Catesb
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?
Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highne:
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him. [pleasur
K. Rich. O true, good Catesby,—bid him levy stri
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cat

Cateſ. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I do at Saliſbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'ſt thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your Highneſs told me I ſhould poſt before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd——

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you? [hearing;

Stan. None good, my Liege, to pleaſe you with the Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad: Why doſt thou run ſo many miles about, When thou may'ſt tell thy tale the neareſt way? Once more, what news!

Stan. Richmond is on the ſeas.

K. Rich. There let him ſink, and be the ſeas on him! White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by gueſs.

K. Rich. Well, as you gueſs?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorſet, Buckingham, and Morton, He makes for England here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the ſword unſway'd? Is the King dead? the empire unpoſſeſs'd? What heir of York is there alive but we? And who is England's King, but great York's heir? Then tell me, what makes he upon the ſea?

Stan. Unleſs for that, my Liege, I cannot gueſs.

K. Rich. Unleſs for that he comes to be your Liege, You cannot gueſs wherefore the Welchman comes. Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty Liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back? Where are thy tenants, and thy followers? Are they not now upon the weſtern ſhore, Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhips? [north.

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north, When they ſhould ſerve their Sovereign in the weſt?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King.
Pleaſe it your Majeſty to give me leave,
I'll muſter up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majeſty ſhall pleaſe.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'ſt fain be gone to join with
But I'll not truſt thee. [Richmond

Stan. Mighty Sovereign,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtful.
I never was, nor never will be falſe.

K. Rich. Go then, and muſter men; but leave behind
Your ſon George Stanley; look your heart be firm,
Or elſe his head's aſſurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you!
[*Exit* Stanley.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My gracious Sov'reign, now in Devonſhire,
As I by friends am well advertiſed,
Sir Edmund Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. In Kent, my Liege, the Guilfords are in arms
And every hour ſtill more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham——

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls!† nothing but ſongs of death? [*He ſtrikes him.*
There take thou that, till thou bring better news.

Meſſ. The news I have to tell your Majeſty,
Is, that, by ſudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd;
And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. Oh! I cry thee mercy!
There is my purſe, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviſed friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

† i. e. *birds of ill omen.*

Mef

Meſſ. Such proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquis Dorſet,
'Tis ſaid, my Liege, in Yorkſhire are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneſs,
The Bretagne navy is diſpers'd by tempeſt.
Richmond in Dorſetſhire ſent out a boat
Unto the ſhore, to ask thoſe on the banks,
If they were his aſſiſtants, yea or no?
Who anſwer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party; he miſtruſting them,
Hois'd ſail, and made his courſe again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are up in [arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down theſe rebels here at home.

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the beſt news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet it muſt be told.

K. Rich. Away tow'rds Saliſbury; while we reaſon [here,
A royal battle might be won and loſt.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Saliſbury; the reſt march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Lord* Stanley's *houſe.*

Enter Lord Stanley, *and Sir* Chriſtopher Urſwick.

Stan. Sir Chriſtopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the ſty of this moſt bloody boar,
My ſon George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that holds off my preſent aid.
So, get thee gone, commend me to thy Lord.
Say too, the Queen hath heartily conſented
He ſhould eſpouſe Eliſabeth her daughter.
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Hav'rford-weſt in Wales.

Stan. What men of name reſort to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned ſoldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redou'ld.

And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many others of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy Lord: I kiss his hand:
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewel!

[*Exeunt*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, *with halberts, led to execution.*

Buck. WILL not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Gray and [Rivers, Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand, corrupted, foul injustice;
If that your moody, discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction!
This is *All-souls* day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my Lord.

Buck. Why, then *All-souls* day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this *All-souls* day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respect * of my wrongs.
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.

* to me.

† i. e. *birds of ill omen.*

Thus Marg'ret's curse falls heavy on my head:
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margret was a prophetess.
Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham, *Sheriff, and officers.*

SCENE II.

On the borders of Leicestershire. A camp.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert *and others, with drum and colours.*

Rich. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar
That spoil'd your summer-fields and fruitful vines,
Swill'd your warm blood like wash, and made his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine
Lies now e'n in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us. [fear,

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends for
Which in his dearest need will fly from him. [march.

Rich All for our 'vantage; then, in God's name,
True hope is swift, and flies with Swallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Charges to Bosworth field.*

Enter King Richard *in arms, with* Norfolk, Surrey, Ratcliff, Catesby, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.

My

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,——
Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious Lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent, here will I lye to-night;
But where to-morrow?—well, all's one for that.
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent: come, Noble Gentlemen,
Let us survey the 'vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, Lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another part of Bosworth field.*

Enter Richmond, *Sir* William Brandon, Oxford, *and* Dorset.

Rich. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard;
The Earl of Pembroke keep his regiment:
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him;
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou goest;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd? dost thou know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which well I am assured I have not done),
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the King.
Rich. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it.
Rich. Give me some ink and paper; in my tent

I'll

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his ſeveral charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength.
Let us conſult upon to-morrow's buſineſs;
Into our tent, the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

SCENE *changes back to King Richard's tent.*

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, *and* Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cateſ. 'Tis ſupper-time, my Lord;
Tis nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not ſup to-night.
Give me ſome ink and paper.
What, is my beaver eaſier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent? [neſs.

Cateſ. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readi-

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,
Uſe careful watch, chuſe truſty centinels.

Nor. I go, my Lord. [folk.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Nor-

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Catesby!——

Cateſ. My Lord?

K. Rich. Send out a purſuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before ſun-riſing, leſt his ſon George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Fill me a bowl of wine——give me a watch——
[*To* Ratcliff.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow:
Look that my ſtaves be ſound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,——

Rat. My Lord? [berland?

K. Rich. Saw'ſt thou the melancholy Lord Northum-

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himſelf,
Much about cock-ſhut time from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the ſoldiers.

K. Rich. I am ſatisfied, give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of ſpirit,
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have——

There

There, set it down. Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my Lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me now, I say.
[*Exit* Ratcliff

SCENE IV. *Changes back to Richmond's tent.*
Enter Stanley *to* Richmond: *Lords*, &c.
Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Rich. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, Noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares it with our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother;
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to th' arbitriment
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot),
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewel; the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-sundred friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu; be valiant, and speed well.
Rich. Good Lords, conduct him to his regiment;
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber poize me down to-morrow.
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night, kind Lords and Gentlemen.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Richmond.
O thou! whose Captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:

Put

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory.
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

SCENE V.

Between the tents of Richard and Richmond: they sleeping.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, *Son to* Henry VI.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [*To K.* Rich.
Think how thou stabb'd'st me in the prime of youth
At Tewksbury; therefore despair, and die.
Be chearful, Richmond; for the wronged souls [*To* Richm.
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf;
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry VI.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body [*To K.* Rich.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the Tower and me; despair, and die.
Henry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror: [*To* Richm.
Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live thou and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [*To K.* Rich.
I, that was wash'd to death in fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair, and die.
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [*To* Richmond.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! live and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, *and* Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To K.* Rich
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret: despair, and die.

Gray. Think upon Gray, and let thy soul despair.
[*To K.* Rich

Vaug. Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance! Richard, despair, and die.
[*To K.* Rich

All. Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's b
Will conquer him.—Awake, and win the day. [so
[*To* Richm

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To K.* Rich
And in a bloody battle end thy days:
Think on Lord Hastings; and despair, and die.
Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake! [*To* Richm
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

Enter the Ghost of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Towe
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard, [*To K.* Ric
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace; and wake in joy
[*To* Richm
Good angels guard thee from the boars annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings——
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne *his Wife.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne t
wife, [*To K.* Ric
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die.
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep:
[*To* Richm
Dream of success and happy victory,
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Ent

Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.

Ghoſt. The firſt was I that help'd thee to the crown;
[*To K.* Rich.
The laſt was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſs.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, deſpair; deſpairing, yield thy breath.
I dy'd for hope ere I could lend thee aid: [*To* Richm.
But chear thy heart, and be thou not diſmay'd;
God and good angels fight on Richmond's ſide,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

The Ghoſts vaniſh.

[*K.* Richard *ſtarts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horſe—bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jeſu—Soft, I did but dream.
O coward Conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What? do I fear myſelf? there's none elſe by;
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murth'rer here? No. Yes, I am.
[Then fly—What? from myſelf? Great reaſon; Why?
Leſt I revenge. What? myſelf on myſelf?
I love myſelf. Wherefore? for any good.
That I myſelf have done unto myſelf;
O, no. Alas, I rather hate myſelf,
For hateful deeds committed by myſelf.
I am a villain; yet I lye, I am not,
Fool, of thyſelf ſpeak well—Fool, do not flatter.]
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſev'ral tongues,
And ev'ry tongue brings in a ſev'ral tale,
And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in high'ſt degree,
Murther, ſtern murther in the dir'ſt degree,
All ſeveral ſins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, all crying, Guilty, guilty!
I ſhall deſpair: there is no creature loves me:
And if I die, no ſoul ſhall pity me.

[[Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I myſelf
[Find in myſelf no pity to myſelf.]
Methought the ſouls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord,——

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my Lord. The early village-cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear——

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of ſhadows

K. Rich. By the Apoſtle Paul, ſhadows to-night
Have ſtruck more terror to the ſoul of Richard,
Than can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſoldiers
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to ſhrink from me.

[*Exeunt K.* Richard *and* Ratcliff

SCENE VI.

Enter the Lords to Richmond *ſitting in his tent.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Rich. 'Cry mercy, Lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy ſluggard here.

Lords. How have you ſlept, my Lord?

Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleep, and faireſt-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowſy head,
Have I ſince your departure had, my Lords.
Methought their ſouls, whoſe bodies Richard murther'
Came to my tent, and cried, *On! Victory!*
I promiſe you my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of ſo fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the ſtroke of four.

Rich. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give directio
More than I have ſaid, loving countrymen,
The leiſure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,

Go

God and our good cauſe fight upon our ſide:
The pray'rs of holy ſaints, and wron ed ſouls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, ſtand before our faces.
Richard except, thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, Gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that had the means to help him.
A baſe foul ſtone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falſely ſet;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then if you fight againſt God's enemy,
God will in juſtice ward you as his ſoldiers.
If you do ſweat to put a tyrant down,
You'll ſleep in peace, the tyrant being ſlain:
If you do fight againſt your country's foes,
Your country's fat ſhall pay your pains the hire:
If you do fight in ſafeguard of your wives,
Your wives ſhall welcome home the conquerors:
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all theſe rights,
Advance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords.
For me, the ranſom of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corpſe on the earth's cold face:
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, chearfully;
God, and Saint George! Richmond, and Victory!

SCENE VII.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, *and* Catesby.

K. Rich. What ſaid Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He ſaid the truth; and what ſaid Surrey then?

Rat. He ſmil'd, and ſaid, The better for our purpoſe.

K. Rich. He was i'th' right; and ſo indeed it is. Tell the clock there—give me a kalendar. [*Clock ſtrikes.*

Who ſaw the ſun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. Rich. Then he diſdains to ſhine; for, by the book
He ſhould have brav'd the eaſt an hour ago—
A black day it will be to ſome body, Ratcliff!

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. The ſun will not be ſeen to-day;
The ſky doth frown and lowre upon our army——
I would theſe dewy tears were from the ground——
Not ſhine to-day? why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the ſelf-ſame heav'n
That frowns on me, looks ſadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my Lord; the foe vaunts in the field

K. Rich. Come, buſtle, buſtle—capariſon my horſe
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power;
I will lead forth my ſoldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle ſhall be ordered.
My forward ſhall be drawn out all in length,
Conſiſting equally of horſe and foot:
Our archers ſhall be placed in the midſt;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horſe.
They thus directed, we ourſelf will follow
In the main battle, which on either ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe: [folk
This and St. George to boot!—What think'ſt thou No

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign.
This paper found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a ſcrol*

Jocky of Norfolk, be not ſo bold, [Rea
For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold.

K. Rich. A thing deviſed by the enemy.
Go, Gentlemen; go, each man to his charge.
Let not our babling dreams affright our ſouls;
Conſcience is but a word that cowards uſe,
Devis'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe:
Our ſtrong arms be our conſcience, ſwords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,
If not to heav'n, then hand in hand to hell.

W

What ſhall I ſay more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A ſort of vagabonds, of raſcals, runaways,
A ſcum of Britons, and baſe lackey-peaſants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth,
To deſperate adventures and deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt:
You having lands, and bleſs'd with beauteous wives,
They would diſtrain the one, diſtain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at his mother's coſt?
A milk-ſop, one that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold, as over ſhoes in ſnow.
Let's whip the ſtragglers o'er the ſeas again,
Laſh hence theſe over-weening rags of France,
Theſe famiſh'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themſelves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not thoſe baſtard Britons, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on record left them the heirs of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Raviſh our daughters?—Hark, I hear the drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight, Gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves!

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſays Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Meſſ. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off inſtantly with his ſon George's head.
Nor. My Lord, the enemy is paſs'd the marſh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom.
Advance our ſtandards, ſet upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of fiery dragons.
Upon them! victory ſits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Alarum. Excurſions. *Enter* Catesby.

Cateſ. Reſcue, my Lord of Norfolk, reſcue, reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
A daring oppoſite to every danger!
His horſe is ſlain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Reſcue, fair Lord, or elſe the day is loſt.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe!

Cateſ. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a horſe.

K. Rich. Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the dye:
I think there be ſix Richmonds in the field;
Five have I ſlain to-day inſtead of him.
A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe! [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Richard *and* Richmond; *they fight,* Richard *is ſlain.*

Retreat and flouriſh. Enter Richmond, Stanley *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.*

Rich. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours! the bloody dog is dead

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well haſt thou acquit [thee:
Lo, here theſe long-uſurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make uſe of it.

Rich Great God of heaven, ſay Amen to all!
But tell me firſt, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my Lord, and ſafe in Leiceſter town;
Whither, if you ſo pleaſe, we may withdraw us.

Rich. What men of name are ſlain on either ſide?

Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter the Lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Sir William Brandon.

Rich. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the ſoldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will return to us.
And then, as we have ta'en the ſacrament,
We will unite the white roſe and the red.
Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not, Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The sons, compell'd, been butchers to the sire:
[All this divided York and Lancaster,
[Divided in their dire division.]
O now let Richmond and Elisabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and fair prosp'rous days,
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood.
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace:
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say, Amen!

[*Exeunt.*

The Life of Henry VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry VIII.
Cardinal Wolsey, *his first minister and favourite.*
Cranmer, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Charles Brandon, *Duke of Suffolk.*
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Card. Campeius, *the Pope's Legate.*
Capucius, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles* V.
Sir Thomas Audleie, *Lord Keeper after Sir Thomas More; and then Lord Chancellor.*
Gardiner, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Sir William Sands:
Cromwell, *first servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.*
Griffith, *Gentleman-Usher to Q. Catharine.*
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, *physician to the King.*
Garter, *King at Arms.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, *and Serjeant at Arms.*
Door-keeper of the council chamber.
Porter, and his Man.

Queen Cathatine, *first wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*
Anne Bullen, *beloved by the King, and afterwards married to him.*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, *Woman of the bedchamber to Queen Catharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shews. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE *lies mostly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe;
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We shall present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, (and so agree,
The play may pass,) if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, (besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living: think you see them great,
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An antichamber in the palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, *at one door; at the other, t*
Duke of Buckingham, *and the Lord* Abergavenny.

Buck. GOOD, morrow, and well met. How ha
you done
Since laſt we ſaw y' in France?

Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthful, and ever ſince a freſh admirer
Of what I ſaw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a priſoner in my chamber, when
Thoſe ſuns of glory, thoſe two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then preſent, ſaw 'em ſalute on horſeback,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could hav
Such a compounded one? [weigh'

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's priſoner.

Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory. Men might ſay
Till this time Pomp was ſingle, but now marry'd
To one above itſelf. Each following day
Became the next day's maſter, till the laſt
Made former wonders, its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like Heathen gods,
Shone down the Engliſh; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfiſh pages were
As cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almoſt ſweat to bear
The pride upon them; that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this maſk
Was cry'd incomparable; and th' enſuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,

Equa

Equal in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt,
As preſence did preſent them; him in eye,
Still him in praiſe; and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid they ſaw but one; and no diſcerner
Durſt wag his tongue in cenſure.* When theſe ſuns
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble ſpirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compaſs; that old fabulous ſtory
(Being now ſeen poſſible enough) got credit;
That Bevis † was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In honour, honeſty; the tract of every thing
Would by a good diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which action's ſelf was tongue to. All was royal;
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Diſtinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who ſet the body and the limbs
Of this great ſport together, as you gueſs?

Nor. One, ſure, that promiſes no element ‡
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Buck. Pray you, who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good diſcretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil ſpeed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce vanities? I wonder,
That ſuch a ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' th' beneficial ſun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet, ſurely, Sir,
There's in him ſtuff that puts him to theſe ends.

* Cenſure, *for* determination, *of which had the nobleſt appearance.*

† *The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton.* *Mr.* Pope.

‡ element, *for talent, capacity.*

For being not propt by anceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalks ſucceſſors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown; neither ally'd
To eminent aſſiſtants; but ſpider-like
Out of his ſelf-drawn web;——this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives, which buys for him
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let ſome graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can ſee his pride
Peep through each part of him. Whence has he that
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before; and he begins
A new hell in himſelf.

Buck. But why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' th' King, t' appoint
Who ſhould attend him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry: for the moſt part ſuch,
On whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay: and his own letter only
(The honourable board of council out)
Muſt fetch in him he papers.*

Aber. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this great vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poor iſſue?

Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The coſt that did conclude it.

* He papers, *a verb. His own letter, by his own ſing authority, and without the concurrence of the council, m fetch in him whom he papers down.* Mr. Pope.

Bu

Buck. * Every man,
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, was
A thing inſpir'd; and not conſulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, that this tempeſt,
Daſhing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The ſudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out:
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?†
Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this buſineſs
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The ſtate takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I adviſe you,
(And take it from a heart that wiſhes tow'rds you
Honour and plenteous‡ ſafety,) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to conſider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A miniſter in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his ſword
Hath a ſharp edge; 'tis long, and 't may be ſaid
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſom up my counſel,
You'll find it wholſome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

* *Hall ſays, "Monday, 18th day of June, there blew "ſuch ſtorms of wind and weather, that marvel was to "hear; for which hideous tempeſt ſome ſaid, it was a "very prognoſtication of trouble and hatred to come between "princes." In Henry VIII. p. 80.*

† *Silenc'd*, for *recall'd.*

‡ *Plenteous*, for *full, entire.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, *the purse borne before him, certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on* Buckingham, *and* Buckingham *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more;
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance, that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King,
I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my Lord;
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me, like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's diff'rence in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun

By

By violent ſwiftneſs, that which we run at,
And loſe by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
Seeming t' augment it, waſtes it? be adviſed.
I ſay again, there is no Engliſh ſoul
More ſtronger to direct you than yourſelf,
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of paſſion.

Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you and I'll go along
By your preſcription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere* motions; by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We ſee each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.

Nor. Say not, treaſonous.

Buck. To th' king I'll ſay it, and make my vouch as
As ſhore of rock——Attend. This holy fox, [ſtrong
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous,
As he is ſubtle; and as prone to miſchief,
As able to perform't), his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pomp, as well in France
As here at home, ſuggeſts† the King our maſter
To this laſt coſtly treaty, th' interview,
That ſwallow'd ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſs
Did break i' th'rinſing.

Nor. Faith, and ſo it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir.—This cunning
The articles o' th' combination drew, [Cardinal
As himſelf pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cry'd, *Let it be*—to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our court Cardinal
Has done this, and tis well—for worthy Wolſey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,

* *In the ſenſe of* ſyncerus, Lat. legitimate, *out of love my country, and from no private prejudices.*
† *Suggeſts, for excites.*

(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason), Charles the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey), here makes visitation.
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
Which I do well—for I am sure the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the Emp'ror thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the King's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,
(As soon he shall by me), that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish you were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable.
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

SCENE III.

Enter Brandon, *a Serjeant at arms before him, and two three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hertford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason in the name
Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Brand. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure

You ſhall to th' Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ſt part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord Aberga'nny, fare ye well.
Bran. Nay, he muſt bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of heav'n be done, and the Kings pleaſure
By me obey'd!
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t' attach Lord Montague, and the bodies
Of the Duke's confeſſor, John de la Court,
And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.
Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbs o' th' plot. No more, I hope?
Bran. A monk o' th' Chartreux,
Buck. Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My ſurveyor is falſe, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my life is ſpann'd already.
I am the ſhadow of poor Buckingham,
Whoſe figure ev'n this inſtant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear ſun. My Lord, farewel. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the council chamber.*

Cornet. Enter King Henry, *leaning on the Cardinal's ſhoulder; the nobles, and Sir* Thomas Lovell; *the Cardinal places himſelf under the King's feet on his right ſide.*
King. My life itſelf, and the beſt heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I ſtood i' th' level
Of a full charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks,
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's in perſon;
I'll hear him his confeſſions juſtify,
And point by point the treaſons of his maſter
He ſhall again relate.
A noiſe within, crying, Room for the Queen. *Enter the Queen uſher'd by the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk: *ſhe*

She kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take your place by us; half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although, [*To* Wolsey.
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions; yet the King our master
(Whose honour Heav'n shield from soil) ev'n he escapes
Language unmannerly; yea such which breaks not
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The cloathiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner,
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. How! taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation; My Lord Cardinal,
You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in aught

Pertains

Pertains to th' ſtate, and front but in that file
Where others tell ſteps with me.
Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike†, which are not wholeſome
To thoſe which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. Theſe exactions
(Whereof my Sov'reign would have note) they are
Moſt peſtilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is ſacrifice to th' load; they ſay
They are devis'd by you, or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.
King. Still, exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
Is this exaction?
Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The ſubjects' grief
Comes thro' commiſſions, which compel from each
The ſixth part of his ſubſtance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd your wars in France. This makes bold mouths;
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; all their curſes now
Live where their prayers did; and 'tis come to paſs,
That tractable obedience is a ſlave
To each incenſed will. I would your Highneſs
Would give it quick conſideration, for
There is no primer buſineſs.
King. By my life,
This is againſt our pleaſure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A ſingle voice; and that not paſt me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor perſon, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me ſay,

† *Alike, for equally to all.*

'Tis

'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick † interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit,
Or sit state-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution!—Why, we take
From ev'ry tree, lop ‡, bark, and part o'th' timber:
And though we leave it with a root-thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: pray look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary*
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd commor
Hardly conceive of me, let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary*

SCENE V. *Enter Surveyor.*

Queen. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham

† *Sick, for prejudiced.*
‡ *Lop is a substantive, and signifies the branches.*

:s run in your diſpleaſure.
King. It grieves many.
The gentleman is learn'd, a moſt rare ſpeaker,
To nature none more bound; his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great teachers,
And never ſeek for aid out of himſelf.
Yet ſee when noble benefits * ſhall prove
Not well diſpos'd †, the mind grown once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms ‡, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man ſo 'compliſh'd,
Who was inroll'd 'mongſt wonders, and when we,
Almoſt with liſt'ning raviſh'd, cou'd not find
His hour of ſpeech, a minute; he, my Lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if beſmear'd in hell. Sit, you ſhall hear
This was his gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike honour ſad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Wol. Stand forth, and with bold ſpirit relate, what you,
Moſt like a careful ſubject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.
King. Speak freely.
Surv. Firſt, it was uſual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his ſpeech, that if the King
Should without iſſue die, he'd carry it ſo
To make the ſceptre his. Theſe very words
I've heard him utter to his ſon-in-law,
Lord Aberga'nny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.
Wol. Pleaſe your Highneſs, note
His dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wiſh to your high perſon
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your friends.

* *benefits, for accompliſhments.*
† *diſpos'd, for placed, ſituate.*
‡ *forms, for habits; which he afterwards calls monſtrous habits.*

Queen.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.
King. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point haſt thou heard him
At any time ſpeak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.
King. What was that Hopkins?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux frier,
His confeſſor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of ſov'reignty.
King. How know'ſt thou this?
Surv. Not long before your Highneſs ſped to France,
The Duke being at the Roſe, within the pariſh
St. Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger: preſently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; that oft, ſays he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of ſome moment:
Who after under the confeſſion's ſeal
He ſolemnly had ſworn, that what he ſpoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, ſhou'd utter; with confidence demure,
Thus pauſingly enſued;—Neither the King nor's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper; bid him ſtrive
To gain the love o'th' cemmonalty; the Duke
Shall govern England.——
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's ſurveyor, and loſt your office
On the complaint o'th' tenants: take good heed,
You charge not in your ſpleen a noble perſon,
And ſpoil your nobler ſoul; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beſeech you.

King.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.
Surv. On my ſoul, I'll ſpeak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' devil's illuſions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
For him to ruminate on this, until
It forg'd him ſome deſign; which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do. He anſwer'd, Tuſh,
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That had the King in his laſt ſickneſs fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.
King. Ha! what ſo rank? ah ha——
There's miſchief in this man. Canſt thou ſay further?
Surv. I can, my Liege.
King. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highneſs had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir William Blomer——
King. I remember
Of ſuch a time, he being my ſworn ſervant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?
Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
To the Tower, as I thought; I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' uſurper Richard, who, being at Salisbury,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which if granted,
As he made ſemblance of his duty), he would
Have put his knife into him.
King. A giant-traitor!
Wol. Now, Madam, May his Highneſs live in free-
And this man out of priſon? [dom,
Queen. God mend all!
King. There's ſomething more would out of thee;
what ſay'ſt?
Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,—
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on's breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible oath, whoſe tenor
Was, were he evil-us'd, he would outgo

His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute* purpose.
King. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us; he is attach'd,
Call him to present trial. If he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *An apartment in the palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mockeries?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the last voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'th' face: but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,
(That never saw 'em pace before), the spavin
And string-halt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my Lord,
Their cloaths are after such a Pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom. How now
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. 'Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray ou
To think an English courtier may be wise, [Monsieu
And never see the Louvre.

* *Irresolute, for unperformed simply.*

Lov

Lov. They muſt either
(For ſo run the conditions) leave thoſe remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France;
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
Abuſing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wiſdom; clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall ſtockings,
Short-bolſter'd breeches, and thoſe types of travel;
And underſtand again like honeſt men;
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdneſs, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them phyſic, their diſeaſes
Are grown ſo catching.

Cham. What a loſs our ladies
Will have of theſe trim vanities?

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the ſly whorſons
Have got a ſpeeding trick to lay down ladies:
A French ſong and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going:
For, ſure, there's no converting 'em. Now, Sirs,
An honeſt country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain ſong,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,
Held current muſic too.

Cham. Well ſaid, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not caſt yet?

Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor ſhall not, while I have a ſtump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a ſupper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll aſſure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed;

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my Lord, h'as wherewithal: in him
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They're set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your Lordship shall along: come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I 'm your Lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to York-house*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, *and divers other ladies and gentlewomen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir* Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace
Salutes you all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As, first, good company, then good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, *and* Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair-ones.

Lov. O that your Lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;

They

They ſhould find eaſy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how eaſy?

Sands. As eaſy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it pleaſe you ſit? Sir Harry,
Place you that ſide, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is ent'ring: nay, you muſt not freeze;
Two women plac'd together, make cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray ſit between theſe ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your Lordſhip. By your leave, ſweet Ladies;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; juſt as I do now,
He'd kiſs you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well ſaid, my Lord:
So now y'are fairly ſeated; Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if theſe fair ladies
Paſs away frowning.

Sands. For my little cue,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *and takes his ſtate.*

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair gueſts; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have ſuch a bowl may hold my thanks,
And ſave me ſo much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?

Sands. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we ſhall have 'em
Talk us to ſilence.

Anne. You're a merry gameſter,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I may make my play;
Here's to your Ladyſhip, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to ſuch a thing——

Anne. You cannot ſhew me.

Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk anor

[*Drum and trumpets, chambers diſcharge*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, ſome of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of ſtrangers,
For ſo they ſeem, have left their barge and landed;
And hither make, as great ambaſſadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain, [tongu
Go, give 'em welcome; you can ſpeak the Fren
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*All ariſe, and tables remov*

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digeſtion to you all; and, once more,
I ſhower a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King, and others as maskers, habited ſhepherds, uſher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They f directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully ſalute him

A noble company! what are their pleaſures?

Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no Engliſh, thus they pra
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this ſo noble and ſo fair aſſembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no leſs,
Out of the great reſpect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view theſe Ladies, and intreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain, ['
They've done my poor houſe grace: for which I

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleasures.
[*Chuse Ladies, King takes* Anne Bullen.
King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. Good my Lord.——
Cham. Your Grace?
Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much as from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than myself, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it. [*Whisper.*
Cham. I will, my Lord.
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see then:
By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.
King. You've found him, Cardinal.
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, Lord.
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge you unhappily.
Wol. I'm glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.
King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither; what fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
(The Viscount Rochford,) one of her Highness' women.
King. By heav'n, she's a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To* Anne Bullen.
And not to kiss you. A health, Gentlemen;
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my Lord.
Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King.

King. I fear too much.
Wol. There's freſher air, my Lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies every one. Sweet partner,
I muſt not yet forſake you; let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to theſe fair ladies, and a meaſure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's beſt in favour. Let the muſic knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A ſtreet.

Enter two Gentlemen at ſeveral doors.

1 *Gen.* Whither away ſo faſt?
2 *Gen.* O Sir, God ſave ye:
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what ſhall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gen.* I'll ſave you
That trouble, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the pris'ner.
2 *Gen.* Were you there?
1 *Gen.* Yes indeed was I.
2 *Gen.* Pray, ſpeak, what has happen'd?
1 *Gen.* You may gueſs quickly what.
2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.
2 *Gen.* I'm ſorry for't.
1 *Gen.* So are a number more.
2 *Gen.* But, pray, how paſs'd it?
1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accuſations,
He pleaded ſtill Not guilty; and alledg'd
Many ſharp reaſons to defeat the law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confeſſions
Of divers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To have brought *vivâ voce* to his face.
At which appear'd againſt him his Surveyor,

Sir

Sir Gilbert Pecke his chancellor, and John Court
Confeſſor to him, with that devil-monk
Hopkins that made this miſchief.
2 *Gen.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.
1 *Gen.* The ſame.
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not:
And ſo his Peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himſelf?
1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was ſtir'd
With ſuch an agony, he ſweat extremely;
And ſomething ſpoke in choler, ill and haſty;
But he fell to himſelf again, and ſweetly
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt noble patience.
2 *Gen.* I do not think he fears death.
1 *Gen.* Sure he does not,
He never was ſo womaniſh; the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gen.* Certainly.
The Cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: firſt, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was ſent thither, and in haſte too,
Leſt he ſhould help his father.
2 *Gen.* That trick of ſtate
Was a deep, envious one.
1 *Gen.* at his return,
No doubt, he will requite it; this is noted,
And, gen'rally, whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal inſtantly will find employment for,
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciouſly; and, o'my conſcience,
Wiſh him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much

They

They love and doat on, call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy.

SCENE II.

Enter Buckingham *from his arraignment, (tipstaves before him, the ax with the edge towards him, halberts on each side), accompanied with Sir* Thomas Lovell, *Sir* Nicholas Vaux, *Sir* William Sands, *and common people, &c.*

1 *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

2 *Gen.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home, and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, Heav'n bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
Even as the ax falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done, upon the premisses, but justice.
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians.
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me, like good angels, to my end:
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven. I forgive all.

There

There cannot be thoſe numberleſs offences
'Gainſt me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave.—Commend me to his grace:
And, if he ſpeak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the King's; and, till my ſoul forſake me,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water ſide I muſt conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: ſee the barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuits
The greatneſs of his perſon.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my ſtate now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now poor Edward Bohun.
Yet I am richer than my baſe accuſers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now ſeal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day grone for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt uſurping Richard,
Flying for ſuccour to his ſervant Baniſter,
Being diſtreſſed, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Sev'nth ſucceeding, truly pitying
My father's loſs, like a moſt royal Prince
Reſtor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his ſon,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And muſt needs ſay, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father.
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both

Fell

Fell by our ſervants, by thoſe men we lov'd:
Moſt unnatural and faithleſs ſervice!
Heav'n has an end in all, yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I muſt leave ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell; and when you would ſay ſomething ſad,
Speak, how I fell.—I've done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *and train*

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curſes on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltleſs,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an enſuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This ſecret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You ſhall, Sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a ſeparation
Between the King and Cath'rine?

1 *Gen* Yes; but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtrait
To ſtop the rumour, and allay thoſe tongues
That durſt diſperſe it.

2 *Gen.* But that ſlander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Freſher than e'er it was; and held for certain,

Th

The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have (out of malice
To the good Queen) possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
Th' archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this.
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An antichamber in the palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain reading a letter.

MY Lord, the horses your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em from me, with this reason, His master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King; which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suff. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suff. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so.
This is the Cardinal's doing, the King-Cardinal.
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,
Turns what he lists. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal! for now he has crack'd the league
'Tween us and the Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King: and is not this course pious? [true,
Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most
These news are ev'ry where; ev'ry tongue speaks 'em
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all mens' honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pinch he please.
Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in:
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Nor. Let's in;

And with ſome other buſineſs put the King
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work too much upon him.
My Lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuſe me.
The King hath ſent me other-where; beſides,
You'll find a moſt unfit time to diſturb him.
Health to your Lordſhips. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Nor. Thanks my good Lord Chamberlain.

SCENE IV.

The ſcene draws, and diſcovers the King ſitting, and reading penſively.

Suf. How ſad he looks! ſure he is much afflicted.
King. Who's there? ha!
Nor. Pray God he be not angry.
King. Who's there, I ſay? how dare you thruſt your-
Into my private meditations? [ſelves
Who am I? ha!
Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant; our breach of duty, this way,
Is buſineſs of eſtate, in which we come
To know your royal pleaſure.
King. Ye are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of buſineſs
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!
Enter Wolſey, *and* Campeius *the Pope's Legate, with a commiſſion.*
Who's there? My good Lord Cardinal? O my Wolſey,
The quiet of my wounded conſcience!
Thou art a cure fit for a King,—You're welcome,
Moſt learned Rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom;
[*To* Campeius.
Uſe us, and it: my good Lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conf'rence.
King. We are buſy; go. [*To* Norfolk *and* Suffolk
Nor. This prieſt has no pride in him?
Suf. Not to ſpeak of.
I would not be ſo ſick though, for his place.

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in my arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: to your Higness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding), you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men: the Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Majesty has alway's lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allowed freely to argue for her,

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded

For

For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Ev'n of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's Christian-care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the Queen.
[*Exit* Gardiner.
The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receit of learning, is Black-friers:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bed-fellow? but, conscience, conscience!—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *An antichamber of the Queen's apartment.*

Enter Anne Bullen, *and an Old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither——Here's the pang that pinches.
His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no tongue cou'd ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm doing: oh, now after
So many courses of the sun, inthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,

The which to leave's a thousand-fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t'acquire; after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
She ne're had known pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
As soul and body's sev'ring.

Old L. Ah! poor lady,
She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her; verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth——

Old L. Yes, troth and troth: you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire
Old as I am, to queen it. But I pray you, [me,
What think you of a Dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne.

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!
I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvanshire, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, Ladies; what were't worth to know
The secret of your conf'rence?

Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, Amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note is
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender,
More than my all, which is nothing; for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;

Whose

Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you.——I've perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle——I'll to the King,
And say, I spoke with you. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Anne. My honour'd Lord.
Old L. Why, this it is: see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly), nor could
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
For any suit of pounds: and you, oh fate!
(A very fresh fish here; fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune), have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a-year, for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a Duchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good Lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray, do not deliver
What here y'ave heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me?—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Changes to Blackfriers.*

Trumpets and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with ſhort ſilver wands; next them, two Scribes in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Biſhop of Canterbury *alone; after him, the Biſhops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rocheſter, *and* St. Aſaph; *next them, with ſome ſmall diſtance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purſe, with the great ſeal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Prieſts, bearing each a ſilver croſs; then a Gentleman-Uſher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great ſilver pillars; after them, ſide by ſide, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the ſword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of ſtate; the two Cardinals ſit under him as judges. The Queen takes place ſome diſtance from the King. The Biſhops place themſelves on each ſide the court, in manner of a conſiſtory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords ſit next the Biſhops. The reſt of the Attendants ſtand in convenient order about the ſtage.*

Wol. Whilſt our commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all ſides th' authority allow'd:
You may then ſpare that time.
Wol. Be't ſo; proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry, King of England, &c.
King. Here.
Scribe. Say, Catharine, Queen of England,
Come into the court.
Crier. Catharine, Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no anſwer, riſes out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then ſpeaks.*]

Queen. Sir, I deſire you, do me right and juſtice;
And to beſtow your pity on me; for
I am a moſt poor woman, and a ſtranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here

No

No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike;
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice,
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been bless'd
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person; in God's name,
Turn me away: and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I beseech you, spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore. If not, i' th' name of God,

Your

Your pleaſure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You have here, Lady,
(And of your choice,) theſe rev'rend fathers, men
Of ſingular integrity and learning;
Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are aſſembled
To plead your cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſs,
That longer you defer the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unſettled in the King,
Cam. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well and juſtly; therefore, Madam,
'Tis fit this royal ſeſſion do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I ſpeak.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam?
Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd ſo, certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I'll turn to ſparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet——
Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before;
Or God will puniſh me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumſtances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge;
You ſhall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my Lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! therefore, I ſay again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my ſoul
Refuſe you for my judge; whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profeſs,
You ſpeak not like yourſelf; who ever yet
Have ſtood to charity, and diſplay'd th' effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
I have no ſpleen againſt you, nor injuſtice

For you, or any. How far I've proceeded,
Or how far further ſhall, is warranted
By a commiſſion from the conſiſtory,
Yea, the whole conſiſt'ry of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The King is preſent; if't be known to him
That I gainſay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falſehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove theſe thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſs ſhall ſpeak in, I do beſeech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your ſpeaking,
And to ſay ſo no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weak [mouth'd;
T'oppoſe your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
You ſign * your place and calling, in full ſeeming,
With meekneſs and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, ſpleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highneſs' favours,
Gone ſlightly o'er low ſteps; and now are mounted,
Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domeſtics to you, ſerve your will, as't pleaſe
Yourſelf pronounce their office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſon's honour, than
Your high profeſſion ſpiritual: that again
I do refuſe you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cauſe 'fore his Holineſs,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'ſies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to juſtice, apt t'accuſe it, and
Diſdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

* *ſign*, for *anſwer*.

King.

King. Call her again. [court,
Crier. Catharine, Queen of England, come into the
Uſher. Madam, you are call'd back. [way.
Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me paſt my patience!—pray you, paſs on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this buſineſs my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her attendants.*

SCENE VII.

King. Go thy ways, Kate;
That man i' th' world who ſhall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that. Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſs,
Thy meekneſs ſaint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but ſpeak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble-born;
And, like her true nobility, ſhe has
Carried herſelf tow'rds me.

Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your highneſs,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare, in hearing
Of all theſe ears, (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There muſt I be unloos'd; although not there
Aton'd, and fully ſatisfy'd,) if I
Did broach this buſineſs to your Highneſs; or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't; or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for ſuch
A royal lady, ſpake one the leaſt word,
That might be prejudice of her preſent ſtate,
Or touch of her good perſon?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuſe you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught,
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo; but, like the village-curs,

Bark when their fellows do. By ſome of theſe
The Queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd.
But will you be more juſtify'd? You ever
Have wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſineſs; never
Deſir'd it to be ſtirr'd; but oft have hindred
The paſſages made tow'rds it.—On my honour,
I ſpeak my good Lord Cardinal to this point;
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give hee[d]
My conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſs, [to't
Scruple, and prick, on certain ſpeeches utter'd
By th' Biſhop of Bayonne, then French Ambaſſador;
Who had been hither ſent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I' th' progreſs of this buſineſs,
Ere a determinate reſolution, he
(I mean the Biſhop) did require a reſpite;
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertiſe,
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This reſpite ſhook
The boſom of my conſcience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a ſplitting power; and made to tremble
The region of my breaſt; which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings did throng,
And preſs'd in with this caution. Firſt, methought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of Heav'n, which had
Commanded nature, that my Lady's womb
(If it conceiv'd a male child by me) ſhould
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male iſſue
Or died where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
(Well worthy the beſt heir o' th' world) ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms ſtood in
By this my iſſue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groning throe. Thus hulling in

T.

The wild ſea of my conſcience, I did ſteer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent here together; that's to ſay,
I mean to rectify my conſcience, (which
I then did feel full ſick, and yet not well,)
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. Firſt, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember,
How under my oppreſſion I did reek,
When I firſt mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have ſpoke long; be pleas'd yourſelf to ſay
How far you ſatisfy'd me.

Lin. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a ſtate of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'ſt counſel which I had, to doubt;
And did intreat your highneſs to this courſe,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this preſent ſummons: unſolicited
I left no rev'rend perſon in this court,
But by particular conſent proceeded
Under your hands and ſeals. Therefore go on;
For no diſlike i' th' world againſt the perſon
Of our good Queen, but the ſharp thorny points
Of my alledged reaſons, drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal ſtate to come with her,
(Catharine our Queen,) before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd i' th' world.

Cam. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The Queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this court to further day;
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holineſs.

King. I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me; I abhor
The dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court.
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's apartment.

The Queen and her women, as at work.

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with troubles:
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever rose, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gen. An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gen. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near. What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,

They

They ſhould be good men. their affairs* are righteous;
But *all hoods make not monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolſey *and* Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highneſs!

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a houſewife,
I would be all), againſt the worſt may happen:
What are your pleaſures with me, Rev'rend Lords?

Wol. May't pleaſe you, Noble Madam, to withdraw
nto your private chamber; we ſhall give you
The full cauſe of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conſcience,
Deſerves a corner; would all other women
Could ſpeak this with as free a ſoul as I do!
My Lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye ſaw 'em;
Envy and baſe opinion ſet againſt 'em;
I know my life ſo even. If your buſineſs
Do ſeek me out, and that way I am wiſe in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta eſt erga te mentis integritas, Regina Sereniſſima,———

Queen. O, good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not ſuch a truant ſince my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A ſtrange tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpicious:
Pray ſpeak in Engliſh; here are ſome will thank you,
If you ſpeak truth, for their poor miſtreſs' ſake.
Believe me, ſhe has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'ſt ſin I ever yet committed,
May be abſolved in Engliſh.

Wol. Noble Lady,
I'm ſorry my integrity ſhould breed
(And ſervice to his Majeſty and you)
So deep ſuſpicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not, by the way of accuſation,
To taint that honour every good tongue bleſſes,

* *affairs*, for *profeſſions*.

Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You have too much, good Lady: but to know
How you ſtand minded in the weighty diff'rence
Between the King and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honeſt men, our juſt opinions
And comforts to your cauſe.

Cam. Moſt honour'd Madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he ſtill bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late cenſure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far),
Offers, as I do, in a ſign of peace,
His ſervice and his counſel.——

Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye ſpeak like honeſt men; pray God ye prove ſo!
But how to make ye ſuddenly an anſwer
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear), with my weak wit,
And to ſuch men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was ſet at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſs.
For her ſake that I have been, (for I feel
The laſt fit of my greatneſs), good your Graces,
Let me have time and counſel for my cauſe.
Alas! I am a woman, friendleſs, hopeleſs.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with thoſe fears
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit. Can you think, Lords,
That any Engliſhman dare give me counſel?
Or be a known friend 'gainſt his Highneſs' pleaſure,
(Though he be grown ſo deſp'rate to be honeſt),
And live a ſubject? They, forſooth, my friends——
They that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In my own country, Lords.

Cam. I would you, Grace.

Would

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought
Upon my soul, two Rev'rend Cardinal virtues; [ye,
But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for shame, my Lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among you, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed, for Heav'ns sake, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.*

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Woupon ye,
And all such false professors! would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmens' habits),
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! h'as banished me his bed already;
His love too, long ago. I'm old, my Lords;
And all the fellowship I hold now with him,
Is only by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this!

Cam. Your fears are worse——

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,

* *envy*, for *evil*.

Since

Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections,
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My Lord, I dare not make my self so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me——

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What shall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost no grave allow'd me! like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good Lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? Alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So

So much they love it: but to ſtubborn ſpirits,
They ſwell, and grow as terrible as ſtorms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A ſoul as even as a calm; pray think us
Thoſe we profeſs, peace-makers, friends, and ſervants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it ſo: you wrong your virtues
With theſe weak womens' fears. A noble ſpirit,
As your's was put into you, ever caſts
Such doubts, as falſe coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware you loſe't not; for us (if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your buſineſs) we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt ſtudies in your ſervice.

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; and pray forgive me,
If I have us'd myſelf unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray do my ſervice to his Majeſty.
He has may heart yet; and ſhall have my prayers,
While I ſhall have my life. Come, Rev'rend fathers,
Beſtow your counſels on me She now begs,
That little thought, when ſhe ſet footing here,
She ſhould have bought her dignities ſo dear [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

An antichamber to the King's apartment.

Enter Duke of Norfolk, *Duke of* Suffolk, *Lord* Surrey, *and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a conſtancy, the Cardinal
Cannot ſtand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtain more new diſgraces,
With thoſe you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the leaſt occaſion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Stood not neglected? when did he regard
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon;

Out

Out of't himself?

Cham. My Lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Give way to us), I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not,
His spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment o' th' divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And edges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my Lord;

For

For I profeſs you have it.
Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My Amen to't!
Nor. All mens'!
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To ſome ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I perſuade me, from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, Amen!
Suf. No, no:
There be more waſps that buzz about his noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is ſtoln away to Rome, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cauſe o'th' King unhandled; and
Is poſted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you,
The King cry'd Ha! at this.
Cham. Now God incenſe him;
And let him cry Ha, louder!
Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have ſatisfy'd the King for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almoſt in Chriſtendom. Shortly, I believe,
His ſecond marriage ſhall be publiſh'd, and
Her coronation. Catharine no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princeſs-dowager,
As widow to Prince Arthur.
Noe. This ſame Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's buſineſs.
Suf. He has, and we ſhall ſee him

For it an Archbiſhop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis ſo.
Enter Wolſey *and* Cromwell.
The Cardinal——
Nor. Obſerve, obſerve, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave it you the King?
Crom. To his own hand in's bed-chamber.
Wol. Look'd he o'th' inſide of the paper?
Crom. Preſently
He did unſeal them, and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a ſerious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. And you he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I think by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while. [*Exit.* Cromwell.
It ſhall be to the Dutcheſs of Alanſon, [*Aſide.*
The French King's ſiſter; he ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen! no, I'll no Anne Bullens for him,——
There's more in it than a fair viſage——Bullen!——
No, we'll no Bullens!——ſpeedily, I wiſh
To hear from Rome—the Marchioneſs of Pembroke!—
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy juſtice!
Wol. [*Aſide.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a
Knight's daughter!
To be her miſtreſs' miſtreſs! the Qeeen's Queen!——
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I muſt ſnuff it,
Then out it goes—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran; and not wholſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lie i'th' boſom of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is ſprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,

And

And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

SCENE III.

Enter King, reading a schedule; and Lovell.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!

Suf. The King, the King.——

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! how, i'th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again;
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. 'Tis heav'n's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withall.

King. If we did think,
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his ſeat, whiſpers* Lovell, *who goes to* Wolſey.
Wol. Heav'n forgive me——
Ever God bleſs your Highneſs!——
King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly ſtuff, and bear the inventory
Of your beſt graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from ſpiritual leiſure a brief ſpan,
To keep your earthly audit; ſure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time;
A time to think upon the part of buſineſs
I bear i' th' ſtate; and nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which, perforce,
I her frail ſon, amongſt my brethren mortal,
Muſt give my tendance to.
King. You have ſaid well.
Wol. And ever may your highneſs yoke together,
As I will lend you cauſe, my doing well
With my well ſaying!
King. 'Tis well ſaid again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to ſay well.
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He ſaid he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home;
But par'd my preſent havings, to beſtow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What ſhould this mean? [*Aſide.*
Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſs! [*Aſide.*
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the ſtate? I pray you tell me
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confeſs it, ſay withal,
If you are bound to us or no? What ſay you?
Wol. My Sovereign, I confeſs your royal graces
Showr'd on me daily have been more than could

My

My ſtudied purpoſes requite, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours†. My endeavours
Have ever come too ſhort of my deſires;
Yet, fill'd with my abilities, mine own ends
Have been mine ſo, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your moſt ſacred perſon, and
The profit of the ſtate. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeſerver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My pray'rs to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever ſhall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly anſwer'd.
A loyal and obedient ſubject is
Therein illuſtrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as i' th' contrary
The foulneſs is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love; my pow'r rain'd honour more
On you, than any; ſo your hand and heart,
Your brain, and ev'ry function of your power,
Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profeſs,
That for your Highneſs' good I ever labour'd,
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be.
Though all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their ſoul; though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken your's.

King. 'Tis nobly ſpoken;
Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't. Read o'er this,
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this; and then to breakfaſt, with

† *Endeavours for deſerts.*

What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal* Wolsey; *the Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.*

SCENE IV.

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper.
I fear the story of his anger——'tis so——
This paper has undone me——'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in my packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spight of fortune,
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewel;
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

SCENE V.

Enter to Wolsey, *the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who com[mands yo
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay.
Where's your commission, Lords? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.

Suf

Suf. Who dare croſs 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expreſsly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
(I mean your malice,) know, officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarſe metal ye are molded,——Envy;
How eagerly ye follow my diſgrace,
As if it fed ye; and how ſleek and wanton
Y'appear in ev'ry thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courſes, men of malice;
You've Chriſtian warrant for 'em, and, no douht,
In time will find their fit rewards. That ſeal
You aſk with ſuch a violence, the King
(Mine and your maſter) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodneſs,
Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King, that gave it.
Wol. It muſt be himſelf then.
Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, prieſt.
Wol. Proud Lord, thou lyeſt.
Within theſe forty hours Surrey durſt better
Have burnt that tongue, than ſaid ſo.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou ſcarlet ſin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of Noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
(With thee and all thy beſt parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You ſent me Deputy for Ireland,
Far from his ſuccour; from the King; from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'ſt him;
Whilſt your great goodneſs, out of holy pity,
Abſolv'd him with an ax.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cauſe can witneſs.

If I lov'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little honeſty as honour;
That I, i' th' way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever-royal maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my ſoul,
Your long coat, prieſt, protects you; thou ſhouldſt feel
My ſword i' th' life blood of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of ſcarlet,
Farewel, nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodneſs
Is poiſon to thy ſtomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodneſs
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion;
The goodneſs of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope, againſt the King; your goodneſs,
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you're truly noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the ſtate
Of our deſpis'd nobility, our iſſues,
Who, if he live, will ſcarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand ſum of his ſins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll ſtartle you,
Worſe than the ſacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kiſſing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could deſpiſe this man
But that I'm bound in charity againſt it!

Nor. Thoſe articles, my Lord, are in th' King's hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſs ſhall mine innocence ariſe,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot ſave you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of theſe articles, and out they ſhall.

Now

Now, if you can, blush, and cry, Guilty, Cardinal;
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those than my head; have at you.
First, that without the King's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Suf. That, without the knowledge
Either of King or council, when you went
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. *Item*, You sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the King's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his Highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. That you have sent innumerable sums
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to th' mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my Lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a *præmunire*,

That

That therefore such a writ be su'd against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
And chattles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it; and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* Wolsey.

SCENE VI.

Wol. So farewel to the little good you bear me!
Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his shoot;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, *standing amaz'd.*

Why, how-now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? nay, if you weep,

I'm

I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well,
Never ſo truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myſelf now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A ſtill and quiet conſcience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and, from theſe ſhoulders,
Theſe ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would ſink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n! [of it.

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right uſe

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,
T'endure more miſeries, and greater far,
Than my weak hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heavieſt and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.

Wol. God bleſs him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is choſen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's ſomewhat ſudden——
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſs' favour, and do juſtice
For truth's ſake and his conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in bleſſings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Laſt, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation. [Cromwell,

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories

In that one woman I have loſt for ever.
No ſun ſhall ever uſher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and maſter. Seek the King,
(That ſun I pray may never ſet); I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will ſtir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you? muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries, but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman——
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard, ſay then I taught thee;
Say, Wolſey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And ſounded all the depth and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in:
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then
(Tho' th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe hearts that wait thee!
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy country's,

Thy

Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O Crom-
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the King; [well,
And pr'ythee lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A ſtreet in Weſtminſter.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 *Gen.* YOu're well met once again.
2 *Gen.* And ſo are you.
1 *Gen.* You come to take your ſtand here, and behold
The Lady Anne paſs from her coronation.
2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my buſineſs. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd ſorrow;
This, general joy.
2 *Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I'm ſure, have ſhewn at full their loyal minds;
And let 'em have their right, they're ever forward
In celebration of theſe days with ſhews,
Pageants, and ſights of honour.
1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll aſſure you, better taken, Sir.
2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the liſt
Of thoſe that claim their offices this day,
By cuſtom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the firſt, and claims

To

To be High Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir. Had I not known these [customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and Rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles
From Ampthil, where the Princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good Lady!——
The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.
[*Hautboys.*

The order of the coronation.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then two judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
4. *Chorister singing.* [Music.
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquis of Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk in his robe of state, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of Marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl,*

pearl, crowned. On each side her the Bishops of London and Winchester.

9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They pass over the stage in order and state, and then exeunt, *with a great flourish of trumpets.*

2 *Gen.* A royal train, believe me; these I know.
Who's that who bears the sceptre?

1 *Gen.* Marquis Dorset.
And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.

2 *Gen.* A bold brave Gentleman. The next should be
The Duke of Suffolk

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the same: High Steward.

2 *Gen.* And that my Lord of Norfolk.

1 *Gen.* Yes.

2 *Gen.* Heav'n bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady.
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gen.* They that bear
The cloth of state above her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gen.* Those men are happy; so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble Lady the Duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gen.* It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir! Say, where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i'th Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw the ceremony?

3 *Gen.* I did,

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of Lords and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people;
(Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man); which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest;
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make it reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, 'This is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But pray what follow'd? [paces

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd; and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly:
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury,
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gen.* You must no more call it *York-place*, that's past.
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 *Gen.*

3 *Gen.* I know it:
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?
3 *Gen.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary;
The other, London.
2 *Gen.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of th' Archbishop,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much esteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Master o' th' jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy council.
2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, Gentlemen, you shall both go my way,
Which is to the court, and there shall be my guests:
Something I can command; as I walk thither,
I'll tell you more.
Both. You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Kimbolton.*

Enter Catharine *dowager, sick, led between* Griffith *her Gentleman Usher, and* Patience *her woman.*

Grif. How does your Grace?
Cath. O Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair——
So—now methinks I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*
Did thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd?
If well, he ſtept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the ſtout Earl of Northumberland
Arreſted him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man ſorely tainted) to his anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At laſt, with eaſy roads he came to Leiceſter;
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the Rev'rend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words, O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himſelf
Foretold ſhould be his laſt,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His bleſſed part to Heav'n, and ſlept in peace.

Cath. So may he reſt, his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to ſpeak him;
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded ſtomach; ever ranking
Himſelf with princes: one that, by ſuggeſtion,
Ty'd* all the kingdom: ſimony was fair play:
His own opinion was his law. I'th' preſence
He would ſay untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promiſes were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill,† and gave

* i. e. *inſlaved.*
† i. e. *he abuſed his body by intemperance and luxury.*

The

The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble Madam,
Mens' evil manners live in braſs, their virtues
We write in water. May it pleaſe your Highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good now?
Catb. Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious elſe.
Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading;
Lofty and ſour to them that lov'd him not;
But to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as ſummer.
And though he were unſatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a ſin); yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt princely. Ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it:
The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd fearing God.
Catb. After my death I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me,
With thy religious truth and modeſty,
Now in his aſhes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me ſtill, and ſet me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cauſe the muſicians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my knell, whilſt I ſit meditating
On that celeſtial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which the other four make reverend curtsies: then the two that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two; who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head; which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: (at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven.) And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Cath. It is not you I call for;
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Cath. No? saw ye not ev'n now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the music leave,
'Tis harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

Grif. She's going, wench. Pray, pray,——

Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your Grace——

Catb. You are a saucy fellow;
Deserve we no more rev'rence?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do intreat your Highness pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Catb. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exit Messenger.*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royal nephew, and your name *Capucius.*

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Catb. O my Lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,
The King's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Catb. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physic giv'n in time, had cur'd me.
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Catb. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name be
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Catb. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap.

Cap. Moſt willing, Madam.

Catb. In which I have commended to his goodneſs
The model of our chaſte loves, his young daughter;
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in bleſſings on her!)
Beſeeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modeſt nature;
I hope ſhe will deſerve well), and a little
To love her for her mother's ſake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows, how dearly! My next poor petition
Is, that his Noble Grace would have ſome pity
Upon my wretched women, that ſo long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I ſhould not lye), but well deſerves,
For virtue and true beauty of the ſoul,
For honeſty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And ſure thoſe men are happy that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is for my men: they are the pooreſt;
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And ſomething over to remember me.
If Heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
By that you love the deareſt in this world,
As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſouls departed,
Stand theſe poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this laſt right.

Cap. By Heav'n, I will,
Or let me loſe the faſhion of a man!

Catb. I thank you, honeſt Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highneſs;
And tell him, his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I bleſs'd him;
For ſo I will——Mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My Lord——Griffith, farewel——Nay, Patience,
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to bed——
Call in more women——When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; ſtrew me over

With

With maiden-flow'rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaſte wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me.
I can no more—— [*Exeunt, leading* Catharine.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the palace.

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Winchester, *a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir* Thomas Lovell.

Gard. 'TIS one o'clock, Boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath ſtruck.

Gard. Theſe ſhould be hours for neceſſities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for us
To waſte theſe times. Good hour of night, Sir Tho-
Whither ſo late? [mas!

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I muſt to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell; what's the mat-
It ſeems you are in haſte: and if there be [ter?
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late buſineſs. Affairs that walk
(As they ſay ſpirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder † nature, than the buſineſs
That ſeeks diſpatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durſt commend a ſecret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in la-
They ſay, in great extremity; 'tis fear'd [bour,
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the ſtock, Sir Thomas,

† *wild*, for *uncommon*.

I wiſh

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says,
She's a good creature, and (sweet Lady) does
Deserve our better wishes,

Gard. But, Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir Thomas——You're a Gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' th' kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made Master
O' th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary; further,
Stands in the gap and tread for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop
Is the King's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him. Indeed, this very day,
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incens'd the Lords o' th' council, that he is,
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the King; who hath so far
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long. Good night, Sir Thomas.

[*Exeunt* Gardiner *and Page.*

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord! I rest your servant.

[*Exit* Lovell.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Changes to an apartment in the palace.*

Enter King and Suffolk,

King. Charles. I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.

Re-enter Lovell.

Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou! ha!
To pray for her! what! is she crying out!
Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang a death.
King. Alas, good Lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone:
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, a good night. [*Exit* Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury!——
Denny. Yea, my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true—where is he, Denny?
Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to us. [*Exit* Denny.

Lov.

Lov. This is about that which the Bishop spake.
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Enter Cranmer *and* Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovell *seemeth to stay.*
Ha!—I have said—be gone.
What!—— *Exeunt* Lovell *and* Denny.

SCENE III.

Cran. I am much fearful; wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my Lord? you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
T'attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, rise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak;
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself;
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower. You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury.
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up;

Pr'ythee

Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy Dame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I ſhould have ta'en ſome pains to bring together
Yourſelf and your accuſers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The good I ſtand on is my truth and honeſty.
If they ſhall fail, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my perſon; which I weigh not,
Being of thoſe virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.

King. Know you not [world?
How your ſtate ſtands i' th' world, with the whole
Your foes are many, and not ſmall; their practices
Muſt bear the ſame proportion; and not ever
The juſtice and the truth o' th' queſtion carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what eaſe
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To ſwear againſt you? Such things have been done,
You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great ſize. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witneſs, than your maſter,
Whoſe miniſter you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own deſtruction.

Cran. God and your Majeſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They ſhall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you, and this morning ſee
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you;
The beſt perſuaſions to the contrary
Fail not to uſe, and with what vehemency
Th' occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us

There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honeſt, on mine honour. God's bleſs'd mother!
I ſwear he is true-hearted; and a ſoul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* Cranmer.
H'as ſtrangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [*Within.*] Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldneſs manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and ſhade thy perſon
Under their bleſſed wings!

King. Now by thy looks
I gueſs thy meſſage. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say Ay, and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever bleſs her!—'tis a girl,
Promiſes boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Deſires your viſitation, and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!——

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.
[*Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for ſuch payment.
I will have more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or elſe unſay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the iſſue. *Exit Lady.*

SCENE IV. *Before the council-chamber.*

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I hope I'm not too late; and yet the Gentleman
That was ſent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haſte. All faſt? what means this? ho?
Who waits there? ſure you know me?

Enter

Enter Door-keeper.

D. Keeper. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So——

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* Butts.

Cran. 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician. As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n, he found not my disgrace! for certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make
Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor, [me
'Mong boys, and grooms, and lackeys! but their plea-
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience. [sures

Enter the King and Butts, *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight——

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me: where is it?

Butts. There, my Lord.
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought
They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their Lordships' pleasures;
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,
We shall hear more anon.——

SCENE V. *The council.*

A council-table brought in, with chairs and ſtools, and placed under the ſtate. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himſelf at the upper end of the table on the left hand, a ſeat being left void above him, as for the Archbiſhop of Canterbury. *Duke of* Suffolk, *Duke of* Norfolk, Surrey, *Lord Chamberlain, and* Gardiner, *ſeat themſelves in order on each ſide.* Cromwell *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the buſineſs, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The cauſe concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleaſures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer *approaches the council-table.*

Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That chair ſtand empty. But we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels: from which frailty,
And want of wiſdom, you that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd yourſelf, and not a little;
Tow'rd the King firſt, and then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For ſo we are inform'd,) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are hereſies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation muſt be ſudden too,
My Noble Lords; for thoſe that tame wild horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouths with ſtubborn bits, and ſpur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer

(Out

(Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours
The upper Germany can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little study) that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
(Both in his private conscience and his place,)
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.
Pray Heav'n, the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your Lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My Lord, because we've business of more moment,
We will be short wi' you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your Lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:

Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
(Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,)
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But rev'rence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been. 'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my Lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Mens' prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for shame, my Lords.

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord: It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower, my Lords?

Gard. What other

Would

Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome:
Let some o' th' guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor then?
Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' th' Tower.
Cran Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, Lords;
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.
Cham. This is the King's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis his right ring, by Heav'n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a-rowling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. D' you think, my Lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

SCENE VI.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to Heav'n
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious?
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not

To

To hear such flatt'ries now; and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
[To Cran.
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your Grace——

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, Lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lowsy foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
Which ye shall never have while I do live. [Grace

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends for shame, my Lords. My Lord of Canter-
I have a suit which you must not deny me. [bury,
There

There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptiſm:
You muſt be godfather, and anſwer for her.
Cran. The greateſt monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an honour; how may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble ſubject to you?
King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoons: you ſhall have
Two noble partners with you; the old Ducheſs
Of Norfolk, and the Lady Marquis Dorſet——
Once more, my Lord of Wincheſter, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.
Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.
Cran. And let Heaven
Witneſs how dear I hold this confirmation.
King. Good man, thoſe joyful tears ſhew thy true heart:
The common voice, I ſee, is verify'd
Of thee, which ſays thus: do my Lord of Canterbury
But one ſhrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain:
So I grow ſtronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The palace-yard.*

Noiſe and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noiſe anon, ye raſcals; do you take the court for Paris Garden? ye rude ſlaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye rogue; is this a place to roar in? fetch me a dozen crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches.——To 'em. I'll ſcratch your heads, you muſt be ſeeing chriſtenings? Do ye look for ale and cakes here, you rude raſcals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible (Unleſs we ſweep them from the door with cannons) To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well puſh againſt Paul's, as ſtir 'em.

Port.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one ſound cudgel of four foot (You ſee the poor remainder) could diſtribute, I made no ſpare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man I am not Samſon, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand, to mow 'em down before me; but if I ſpar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or ſhe, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to ſee a chine again; and that I would not for a crow, God ſave her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good Mr. Puppy. Keep the door cloſe, ſirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port What ſhould you do, but knock 'em down by the dozers? Is this Moorefields to muſter in? or have we ſome ſtrange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women ſo beſiege us? Bleſs me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my Chriſtian conſcience, this one chriſtening will beget a thouſand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The ſpoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow ſomewhat near the door, he ſhould be a braſier by his face; for, o'my conſcience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his noſe diſcharged againſt me; he ſtands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdaſher's wife of ſmall wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the ſtate. I miſs'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, Clubs! when I might ſee from far ſome forty truncheoneers draw to her ſuccour; which were the hope of the Strand, where ſhe was quarter'd They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-ſtaff with me, I defy'd 'em ſtill; when ſuddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd ſuch a ſhower of pebbles, looſe ſhot, that I was fain

fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work.
The devil was amongſt 'em, I think, ſurely.

Port. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a play-houſe, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-houſe, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three days; beſides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me! what a multitude are here?
They grow ſtill too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair. Where are theſe porters?
Theſe lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows;
There's a trim rabble let in; are all theſe
Your faithful friends o'th' ſuburbs? we ſhall have
Great ſtore of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they paſs back from th' chriſt'ning?

Port. Pleaſe your honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done;
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay you all
By th' heels, and ſuddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves:
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye ſhould do ſervice. Hark, the trumpets ſound;
Th' are come already from the chriſtening;
Go break among the preſs, and find a way out
To let the troop paſs fairly; or I'll find
A marſhalſea ſhall hold you play theſe two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princeſs!

Man. You great fellow, ſtand cloſe up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'th' camblet, get up o'th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the Palace.*

Enter trumpets ſounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marſhal's ſtaff,

ſtaff, Duke of Suffolk, *two Noblemen bearing great ſtanding bowls for the chriſtening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Ducheſs of* Norfolk, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioneſs of* Dorſet, *the other godmother, and ladies. The troop paſs once about the ſtage, and* Garter *ſpeaks.*

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endleſs goodneſs, ſend long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princeſs of Eng and, fair Eliſabeth!

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners, and myſelf thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this moſt gracious Lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Archbiſhop:
What is her name?

Cran. Eliſabeth.

King Stand up, Lord.
With this kiſs take my bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble goſſips, y'have been too prodigal,
I thank you heartily: ſo ſhall this Lady,
When ſhe has ſo much Engliſh.

Cran. Let me ſpeak, Sir;
(For Heav'n now bids me), and the words I utter,
Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heaven ſtill move about her),
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs. She ſhall be
(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wiſdom and fair virtue,
Than this bleſs'd ſoul ſhall be. All princely graces,
That mould up ſuch a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall

Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall nurſe her:
Holy and heav'nly thoughts ſtill counſel her:
She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs her;
Her foes ſhake, like a field of beaten corn, [her.
And hang their heads with ſorrow. Good grows with
In her days, ev'ry man ſhall eat in ſafety
Under his own vine what he plants, and ſing
The merry ſongs of peace to all his neighbours.
God ſhall be truly known, and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by thoſe their greatneſs, not by blood.
Nor ſhall his peace ſleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her aſhes now create another heir,
As great in admiration as herſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her bleſſedneſs to one,
(When heav'n ſhall call her from this cloud of darkneſs)
Shall ſtar-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fixed. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the ſervants to this choſen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Where-ever the bright ſun of Heav'n ſhall ſhine,
His honour and the greatneſs of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And, like a mountain-cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him: childrens' children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs Heav'n.

King. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.

Cran. She ſhall be, to the happineſs of England,
An aged Princeſs; many days ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it
Would I had known no more! but ſhe muſt die,
She muſt, the ſaints muſt have her yet a virgin;
A moſt unſpotted lily ſhall ſhe paſs
Unto th' ground, and all the world ſhall mourn her.

King. O Lord Archbiſhop,
Thou'ſt made me now a man; never before
This happy child did I get any thing
This oracle of comfort has ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in heav'n, I ſhall deſire

To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all.——To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden:
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords;
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day no man think,
H'as business at his house, for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those we fear
We've frighted with our trumpets: so 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, That's witty!
Which we have not done, neither; that I fear,
All the expected good w'are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
(For such a one we shew'd 'em) If they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

The End of the FIFTH VOLUME.